LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00017937546

A GALLERY

OF

DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

FEMALE POETS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY HENRY ÇOPPÉE, A.M.,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

1971

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

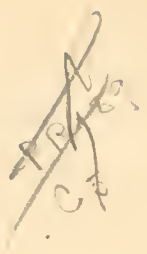
WITH A HUNDRED STEEL ENGRAVINGS, EXECUTED IN THE FIRST STYLE OF THE ART, MOSTLY FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.

1880.

PR 1177
.C5



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859,

BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CONTENTS.

PROEM, ... ix
INTRODUCTION, ... xi

HANNAH MORE.

PAGE
INSCRIPTION, ... 25
ODE TO CHARITY, ... 29

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

SONG, ... 30
HABITUAL DEVOTION, ... 33

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

ODE TO SPRING, ... 35
HYMN TO CONTENT, ... 38
ON THE DEITY, ... 41

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TO A CHILD, ... 42
THE GRAVE OF COLUMBUS, . . . 45
A MOTHER TO HER WAKING INFANT, 47

LUCY AIKIN.

THE BEGGAR MAN, ... 51
ARABIA, ... 53

AMELIA OPIE.

HYMN, ... 55
SONG, ... 56
REMEMBRANCE, ... 57
A LAMENT, ... 58

ANN RADCLIFFE.

TO THE WINDS, ... 61
SONG OF A SPIRIT, ... 63

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE, ... 65
ON A PICTURE, ... 69
ANTIGONE, ... 69

MARY HOWITT.

PAUPER ORPHANS, ... 74
OLD CHRISTMAS, ... 76
A SWINGING SONG, ... 80
ENGLISH CHURCHES, ... 81

MRS. SOUTHEY.

PAGE
THE RIVER, ... 84
THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS, . 86

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, ... 87
THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE, . 89
THE HOUR OF DEATH, ... 91
THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL, . . . 93
THE HOMES OF ENGLAND, . . . 95

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

TO A HORSE, ... 98
THE MILLENNIUM, ... 100
A NIGHT STORM AT SEA, . . . 103

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

THEY LOVED ONE ANOTHER, . . 104
AS WHEN FROM DREAMS AWAKING, 107
LE RANZ DES VACHES, ... 108
TRANSLATION, ... 109
THE LITTLE WANDERERS, . . . 111
THE VISIONARY PORTRAIT, . . 113

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THE OAK, ... 117
DEATH AND THE YOUTH, . . . 118
THE EMERALD RING, ... 120
THE LITTLE SHROUD, ... 120

SARAH ELLIS.

THE PILGRIM'S REST, ... 123
LOVE'S EARLY DREAM, ... 128

MRS. ABDY.

THE CHILD IN A GARDEN, . . . 130
LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS, ... 131
THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS, . . 134

SARA COLERIDGE.

PAGE

FALSE LOVE, ... 137
SONG, ... 138

MISS ELIZA COOK.

WASHINGTON, ... 140
THE QUIET EYE, ... 143
NATURE'S GENTLEMAN, ... 145
THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST, . 148
OLD STORY BOOKS, ... 150

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

A VISION OF THE VATICAN, . . 154
NOONDAY BY THE SEASIDE, . . 156
TO SHAKSPEARE, ... 158

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

VICTORIA'S TEARS, ... 161
HEAVEN'S SUNRISE TO EARTH'S BLINDNESS, ... 163
A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS, . . 164
A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS, . . . 166
HECTOR IN THE GARDEN, . . . 168

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

PALM SUNDAY, ... 173
THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, . 176
EASTER EVEN, ... 179

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA, ... 181
THE COUNTRY CHURCH, . . . 186
FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE, ... 188

MARIA BROOKS.

THE MOON OF FLOWERS, . . . 192
TO NIAGARA, ... 193
SONG, ... 195
FAREWELL TO CUBA, ... 197

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE DROWNED MARINER, . . . 199
DEATH AND RESURRECTION, . . 203
THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN, . . 204

SARAH HALL.

PAGE

SKETCH OF A LANDSCAPE, . . . 207

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE FROST, ... 212
THE YOUNG SETTING MOON, . . 213
THE NUN, ... 215

JANE L. GRAY.

MORN, ... 221

LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

MY MUSE, ... 224
THE WILDWOOD HOME, ... 228

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

CAPRICE, ... 230
MUSIC, ... 233
HEAVEN IS OVER ALL, ... 234
LITTLE CHILDREN, ... 238
CALL ME PET NAMES, ... 239
TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT, . . 240

LUCY HOOPER.

GIVE ME ARMOR OF PROOF, . . 242
THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS, . 244

FRANCES H. GREEN.

A SONG OF WINTER, ... 246
SONG OF THE EAST WIND, . . . 249

EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT, . . . 255
PEACE, ... 257
A PORTRAIT, ... 259
THE WIDOW'S WOOER, ... 260

CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE AMERICAN BOY, ... 262
TO THE URSULINES, ... 264
RETURN TO MASSACHUSETTS, . . 266

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

SONNET, ... 268
VENICE, ... 269
THE DELAWARE WATER GAP, . . 271
ABIDE WITH US, ... 274

MARY E. LEE.

PAGE

THE BLIND NEGRO COMMUNICANT, 277
THE POETS, ... 280

CATHERINE H. ESLING.

BROTHER, COME HOME, ... 282

MARY E. HEWITT.

THE CITY BY THE SEA, ... 285
OSCEOLA SIGNING THE TREATY, . 287

EMILY C. JUDSON.

NOT A POET, ... 290
ASPIRING TO HEAVEN, ... 292
DEATH, ... 294

SARAH J. HALE.

THE GOLD PEN, ... 297
THE ANGEL OF PRAYER, . . . 299
A BLIND GIRL'S IDEA OF LADIES, 300
THE LOVE PLEDGE, ... 301
THE POWER OF THOUGHT, . . . 301

MARGARET FULLER.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, ... 303
TO EDITH, ON HER BIRTHDAY, . 304
LIFE A TEMPLE, ... 305

JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

A STORY OF SUNRISE, ... 308
A SONG OF SUNSET, ... 310

AMELIA B. WELBY.

THE RAINBOW, ... 312
SEVENTEEN, ... 314

ANNE C. LYNCH.

SONNET, ... 317
CHRIST BETRAYED, ... 318
HAGAR, ... 321
ASPIRATION, ... 323
ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT, . 324

"EDITH MAY."

A TRUE STORY OF A FAWN, . . 326
JULIETTE, ... 329
STORM AT TWILIGHT, ... 335
SUMMER, ... 337

ANN S. STEVENS.

THE OLD APPLE TREE, ... 340

ALICE CARY.

PAGE

PALESTINE, ... 345
HARVEST TIME, ... 347
OLD STORIES, ... 349

PHŒBE CARY.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST, . . 351
THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN, . . . 356
SONG OF THE HEART, ... 358

SARAH ANNA LEWIS.

GREECE, ... 360

MARGARET JUNKIN.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE, ... 362

ALICE B. NEAL.

GONDOLETTAS, ... 365
TOO LATE! 366

SARA J. LIPPINCOTT.

TO MISS C. M. SEDGWICK, . . . 369
THE MAY MORNING, ... 370
THE DREAM, ... 374
ILLUMINATION, ... 376

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

LOVE, ... 380
MY LIFE, ... 381
THY WILL BE DONE, ... 382

ELIZABETH S. SWIFT.

FIRST OF MAY, ... 384

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

THE SNOW-FLAKE, ... 386

CLARA MOORE.

MORNING, ... 389
NOON, ... 389
NIGHT, ... 390
MARY, ... 391

JULIA McMASTERS.

REQUIEM, ... 392
WREATH AND HARP, ... 393
DEUS MISEREATUR, ... 397

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Subject.	Author.	Designer.	Page
Frontispiece,		*Hamilton.*	
Title Page—Vignette,		*Schmolze.*	1
Portrait of Hannah More,		*Opie,*	25
Inscription,	*Hannah More,*	*Huntington,*	26
Ode to Charity,	*Hannah More,*	*Schmolze,*	29
Song,	*Helen Maria Williams,*	*Radclyffe,*	31
Habitual Devotion,	*Helen Maria Williams,*	*Huntington,*	34
Ode to Spring,	*Anna Letitia Barbauld,*	*Franklin,*	36
Hymn to Content,	*Anna Letitia Barbauld,*	*Schmolze,*	38
Portrait of Mrs. Baillie,			42
To a Child,	*Joanna Baillie,*	*Schmolze,*	44
Columbus,	*Joanna Baillie,*		45
Mother to her Infant,	*Joanna Baillie,*	*Schmolze,*	48
Bothwell Manse,	*Joanna Baillie,*	*Davie,*	50
The Beggar Man,	*Lucy Aiken,*	*Schmolze,*	51
Arabia,	*Lucy Aiken,*	*Bartlett,*	54
Song,	*Amelia Opie,*	*Devereux,*	56
Remembrance,	*Amelia Opie,*	*Schmolze,*	58
To the Winds,	*Ann Radcliffe,*	*Schmolze,*	61
Portrait of Miss Mitford,		*Haydon,*	65
The Voice of Praise,	*Mary Russell Mitford,*	*Huntington,*	68
Portrait of Mary Howitt,			74
Pauper Orphans,	*Mary Howitt,*	*Page,*	76
English Churches,	*Mary Howitt,*	*Schmolze,*	81
The River,	*Mrs. Southey,*	*Schmolze,*	84
Portrait of Mrs. Hemans,		*Fletcher,*	87
Mother of Mrs. Hemans,	*Felicia Hemans,*		94
The Homes of England,	*Felicia Hemans,*	*Turner,*	95
The Homes of England,	*Felicia Hemans,*		96
To a Horse,	*Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna,*		98
Portrait of Mrs. Norton,		*Landseer,*	104
They Loved One Another,	*Caroline E. S. Norton,*	*Schmolze,*	105

Subject.	Author.	Designer.	Page
The Ranz des Vaches, . .	*Caroline E. S. Norton,* . .	*Turner,* . .	110
The Visionary Portrait, .	*Caroline E. S. Norton,* . .	*Schmolze,* .	114
Portrait of L. E. L. . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	117
Death and the Youth, . .	*Letitia E. Landon,* . . .	*Schmolze,* .	119
The Pilgrim's Rest, . . .	*Sarah Ellis,*	*Radclyffe,* .	123
The Pilgrim's Rest, . . .	*Sarah Ellis,*	*Radclyffe,* .	128
Child in a Garden, . . .	*Mrs. Abdy,*	*Devereux,* .	131
Song, ...	*Sara Coleridge,*	*Schmolze,* .	139
Portrait of Washington, .	*Eliza Cook,*	*De Mere,* .	140
Washington's Head Quarters at Tappan, ...	*Eliza Cook,*	*Verboyck,* .	143
Nature's Gentleman, . .	*Eliza Cook,*	*Schmolze,* .	145
Old Story Books, ...	*Eliza Cook,*	*Schmolze,* .	153
Vision of the Vatican, . .	*Frances Anne Kemble,* . .	*Warren,* . .	154
Shakspeare's Birth Place,	*Frances Anne Kemble,* . .	*Walker,* . .	159
Portrait of Mrs. Browning,	. . . . .	*Read,* . .	160
Heaven's Sunrise, etc., . .	*Elizabeth B. Browning,* . .	*Schmolze,* .	163
Palm Sunday, ...	*Catherine Winkworth,* . .	*Roberts,* . .	173
Third Sunday after Easter,	*Catherine Winkworth,* . .	*Schuessele,* .	177
Easter Even, ...	*Catherine Winkworth,* . .	*Roberts,* . .	180
Portrait of Mrs. Sigourney,	. . . . .	*Freeman,* .	181
The Country Church, . .	*Lydia H. Sigourney,* . .	*Radclyffe,* .	186
Farewell to a Rural Residence, ...	*Lydia H. Sigourney,* . .	*Radclyffe,* .	191
The Moon of Flowers, . .	*Maria Brooks,*	. . . . .	194
Song, ...	*Maria Brooks,*	*Huntington,*	195
Portrait of E. O. Smith, .	. . . . .	*Read,* . .	199
Death and Resurrection, .	*Elizabeth Oakes Smith,* . .	*Roberts,* . .	203
The Seen and the Unseen,	*Elizabeth Oakes Smith,* . .	*Franklin,* .	206
Sketch of a Landscape, . .	*Sarah Hall,*	*Turner,* . .	207
Sketch of a Landscape, . .	*Sarah Hall,*	*Inman,* . .	211
The Young Setting Moon, .	*Hannah F. Gould,* . . .	*Turner,* . .	214
The Good Samaritan, . .	*Hannah F. Gould,* . . .	*Franklin,* .	220
The Wild Wood Home, . .	*Lydia Jane Peirson,* . . .	*Huntington,*	229
Portrait of Mrs. Osgood, .	. . . . .	*Read,* . .	230
Music, ...	*Frances S. Osgood,* . . .	*Leutze,* . .	234
Heaven is over All, . . .	*Frances S. Osgood,* . . .	*Radclyffe,* .	237
Song of Winter, ...	*Frances H. Green,* . . .	*Schmolze,* .	246
The Old Man's Lament, . .	*Emma C. Embury,* . . .	*Schuessele,* .	254
Portrait of Mrs. Ellet, .	. . . . .	*Read,* . .	268
Venice, ...	*Elizabeth F. Ellet,*		270

Subject.	Author.	Designer.	Page
Delaware Water Gap, . .	*Elizabeth F. Ellet,* . . .	*Eastman,* .	272
Abide with Us, ...	*Elizabeth F. Ellet,* . . .	*Franklin,* .	276
Brother, Come Home, . .	*Catherine H. Esling,* . .	*Schmolze,* .	282
City by the Sea, ...	*Mary E. Hewitt,*		285
Portrait of Mrs. Judson, .	. . . . .		290
Death, ...	*Emily C. Judson,*	*Leutze,* . .	296
Portrait of Sarah J. Hale,	. . . . .	*Read,* . .	297
Portrait of Margaret Fuller, ...	. . . . .	*Hicks,* . .	303
Life a Temple, ...	*Margaret Fuller,*	*Huntington,*	307
The Rainbow, ...	*Amelia B. Welby,*	*Schuessele,* .	312
Portrait of Anne C. Lynch,	. . . . .	*Read,* . .	317
Christ Betrayed, ...	*Anne C. Lynch,*	*Franklin,* .	320
Hagar, ...	*Anne C. Lynch,*	*Leutze,* . .	321
On the Death of an Infant,	*Anne C. Lynch,*	*Schuessele,* .	325
Portrait of "Edith May,"	. . . . .	*Furness,* .	326
Juliette, ...	"*Edith May,*"	*Roberts,* . .	329
Summer, ...	"*Edith May,*"	*Schmolze,* .	338
Portrait of Mrs. Stevens, .	. . . . .		340
Jerusalem, ...	*Alice Cary,*	*Roberts,* . .	345
The Followers of Christ,	*Phœbe Cary,*	*Roberts,* . .	353
Greece, ...	*Sarah Ann Lewis,* . . .	*Sargent,* . .	359
Portrait of Mrs. Neal, .	. . . . .	*Furness,* .	365
Portrait of Miss Sedgwick,	*Sara J. Lippincott,*		369
May Morning, ...	*Sara J. Lippincott,* . . .	*Banks,* . .	372
Portrait of Mrs. Hentz, .	. . . . .		386

PROEM.

Deep in the inner chamber of the breast,
Is her song-temple, fane of holiest rest.
List to the varied notes, how soft, yet strong,
As Memory's cloistered aisles the sounds prolong.
Now 'tis Earth's lullaby, so sweet and mild,
That the strong man becomes her little child.
Her notes of Faith, how full of hope and Heaven,
Piercing within "the burning of the Seven!"
Her songs of joy, the purest sounds of mirth
That swell sad laughing choruses of Earth.
Her very tear-drops patter touching airs;
Or pour such *miserere* on our fears
That, like a trump, to men of noble mould,
They nerve the rescuing arm ere half the tale be told.

H. C.

INTRODUCTION.

To bring together, in one illustrious company, the most charming sisters of song, who, in two great countries, have tuned their harps to the spirit words of our melodious, yet vigorous, English tongue, and to adorn their poetry with fitting embellishments of pictorial art,—these constitute the design of the Editor and the Publisher in offering this magnificent volume to the American public.

Moreover, it need not be called to remembrance that, last year, a similar work, composed almost entirely of poets of the sterner sex, was issued, and met with signal favor in all parts of the country. By an extension of the dictum, that "it is not good for *man* to be alone," we have thought it pleasant and proper to give to our "Gallery of Famous Poets" a fitting companion in this "Gallery of Distinguished Female Poets."

Before giving a critical analysis of its contents, let us linger for a moment upon its beauties of art and design.

The selections have been carefully made from such wealth of English and American poetry, that the editor has constantly felt the full force of the French phrase, "L'embarras de richesses."

Many a name worthy of immortality, and destined to

receive it, was, of necessity, omitted in so small a compass. If, then, devoted admirers here seek in vain for their favorites, let us declare that this is only one gallery—a small, but splendid one—of women gifted with the spirit of song, and the power of impassioned utterance. As in our other volume, we have chosen the modern period, and have traversed, in gentler company, the same classic ground; thus one volume becomes the complement of the other; and the two, while yet distinct, are components of a literary unit. Each is necessary to the completion of the other.

Of the beauties of art which blazon from these pages, little need be said to those, who, running hastily over the introduction, will pass at once to where they speak for themselves in the most decided language—the art interpretation of beautiful poetry.

Placed on the same page with the letter-press, and thus forming the rarest communion of thought and fancy, will be found the finest efforts of the best artists in England and America; their profusion rendering the whole most charming by the variety which it creates.

And here, with the contemplation of the beautiful in art is mingled a touch of sadness, which we cannot refrain from imparting to our readers.

In both works, a large number of the most exquisite gems are from the pencil of Schmolze, so favorably known, and so generally admired, not only where he resided, in Philadelphia, but throughout the country. This volume contains the last work of his skilful hand. The noble illustration of Hannah More's "Charity;" the meandering "river," of which Mrs. Southey writes so beautifully; the fearful storm at sea, as it is described by Charlotte Elizabeth; and the charming Vignette; these occupied his last

working hours, and are invested with a melancholy and touching interest.

Gifted, kind, gentle, and virtuous, such a man is a loss to the community; and we are proud to unite the sincere regrets and mournful remembrance of poetry and art with the silent tears which flow in that lonely home where his loss is irreparable.

Passing to the poetesses, whose works are here so radiantly exhibited, we are at once attracted into some philosophic fancies as to the sphere and characteristics of woman in the world of literature. These are matters, we are aware, lying on the borders of a debatable land; but, if there is a conceded place for her, it is in the department of Poetry. If it is claimed that man's distinct sphere is that of worldly action, surely he may share with woman that of fancy and imagination, both of which are subsidized in poetry, and in which she is quite his equal, if not often his superior.

How often are we charmed by the voice of woman! How varied its tones; from the Prima Donna assoluta, who is nothing but art, to the mother's plaintive lullaby, which is nothing but nature. Woman's voice is the sweetest of earthly music. In the social evening we hang upon her impassioned utterance in song; in the church and its services, the principal parts, in penitence, or in joy, are borne by her. But, in all this, she adapts her own feelings to the thoughts and words of others.

Now, there was a time, when, to sing, meant to *improvise;* to open one's heart in one's own song; to warble joyous words to joyous notes; or to send out the soul's real present sorrow in such a wailing minor that it should shake the heart-strings of the hearer, as the wind harp is tor-

tured into sound by the sorrowing night breezes. Then the thoughts and words were greater than the melody; this was but an adjunct to them.

Just such is woman's poetry. Our hearts, as we listen, supply a music unheard by other ears, and we find in the thought her truest song, because it is the voice of Nature and of God. For,

> Wheresoever, in his rich creation,
> Sweet music breathes,—in wave, or bird, or *soul*,
> 'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
> Of that great tune to which the planets roll!

Nor is there any exponent of woman like woman's poetry. It is her respiration; the story of her heart.

In each case it is the exponent of the writer; her own undying love, or delicate fancy, or unaccountable caprice; betraying to us unconsciously her own identity; but, when the writings of many are taken together, they are the exponent of woman's *general* character; so that if the mental philosophy of man, as a race, is to be learned in the pages of Paley or Wayland, that of woman, as a distinctive part of mankind, may most readily be arrived at by studying the great volume of woman's literary efforts, in all periods, but especially in the modern period; that in which "woman's rights,"—to literary distinction at least,—are universally acknowledged.

And the reason is evident; with man literature becomes, like every other constant work, a professional occupation; Laurel-crowned poets have given a nobility to the vocation, in the days of the "Gran Padre Alighier," of Tasso, of Chaucer, of Wordsworth, of battle-loving Tennyson, Longfellow, and Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes, are poets

by name and profession. They stand before the world, each with his innumerable constituency expectant and admiring; and thus, like the orator's, their work, although inspired by nature, is essentially the work of art. Much of the voluminous writings of the great poets becomes mechanical. But, from secluded homes, from the midst of household duties,—woman's truest *profession*,—the daughters of song send forth, bird-like, sweet heart-melodies, which can no more be restrained than the voice of the morning lark, or the plaintive sounds of the nightingale.

Often unlearned in criticism, unskilled in rythmic rules, the intuitive soul of the poetess comes forth like the incantation of the hidden oracle, to astonish the unexpectant world. Many would repress them if they could, but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Again; the true *beauties* of woman are most clearly to be discerned in her poetry.

I do not, of course, speak now of physical beauty, although that borrows much of its reality from the mind; while, on the other hand, Lord Bacon has pithily said, in one of his striking essays, "Virtue is like a rich stone, *well set*, and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely." Of the outward form and appearance of the poetesses there brought together, each reader may be the best judge from the striking and excellent portraits in this work. I speak now of those beauties of the heart, which are far superior. And what are some of the elements of this moral beauty?

Woman's love is woman's beauty.

The tendril-like clasping of him to whom at the altar she has plighted her troth, "until death do them part;" the full heart which throbs with joy when baby-hands

clasp the neck, and the little throbbing head nestles in first-born security upon the young mother's bosom; the love which gushes from a daughter's or a sister's heart: these impart beauty to woman's eye, and speech, and life. And how do all these glow in woman's poetry! Our female poets are the true Minnesingers of our day and generation.

Woman's gratitude, a charming element of woman's moral beauty, is likewise a strong element of poetry.

It is in her verse as it has ever been in her life: let storms assail us and beat in fury upon our hearts; let sickness invade and death threaten, and her patient endurance shames the heart of man; and when the mercy of God stays the powers of evil, and rolls back the storm-cloud, no bow of promise, made of sunshine and water-drops, was ever so beautiful in the sky, as her eloquent smiles and tears of joy,—the sunshine and water-drops of the heart,—which mark the abating deluge; no earthly song is sweeter than her low, yet heartfelt, chant of grateful deliverance.

Time would fail us to tell of the reflection in the mirror of woman's verse,—of her choicest virtues; of her Charity—

> "Divinely wise,
> The meek-eyed daughter of the skies!
> From the pure fountain of eternal light,
> Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,
> The beatific vision shines."

There is no charity like hers in the range of humanity. So, too, her Faith, alike powerful in gladness and in sorrow. It is woman's faith that has given the truest types to sa-

cred art, and made the old masters intelligible to all men and all times. When, with chastened heart, she kneels before the mercy seat, imagination beholds a dazzling ray, swiftly speeding from the throne of God, through the rifted clouds of earth's stormy weather, resting, crown-like, upon her head, and making her beauty heavenly and divine. And, with the streaming light, is heard a voice like His who spake as never man spake: "Woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee, even as thou wilt!"

In each, in all these, the poetry of woman is the true exponent of her heart and her life, as a thousand extracts might be quoted to show, were it not that this entire volume is the best and most varied illustration. It might, indeed, have been, in all truth and justice, entitled, "An Epitome of Woman's Virtues."

Cognate with our present inquiry, is the subject of the rights of woman, so much canvassed in this age of enlightenment. What are her rights? Let us hasten to concede them abundantly.

To smooth the pillow of sickness; to "sing of heaven beside the dying;" to wipe away the tears of sorrow, and the clammy dews of death; to nurture the children of her travail, training them onward and upward in the paths of holiness and truth; to make glad homes and ruddy hearths; in a word, to grace this earth, and allure to heaven, are rights greater than man compass, or man bestow. Can there be greater than these?

To these, add the whole domain of science, art, and literature; read the names of Mitchell and Somerville, in physical science; of Hosmer, and Rosa Bonheur, in sculpture and painting; and of Hemans, Browning, Brooks,

Sigourney, Hale, and a multitude beyond our powers of present enumeration, in the world of poetry.

In shady groves, on fragrant meads, by glowing fire-sides, wherever the Muses haunt, behold her, instinct with grace and beauty. Force her not then into the highways of civic bustle and party strife. Institute no unmeaning comparisons between the intellects of the sexes.

The finer feelings, the nobler motives, are the growth of the heart and the home; not of the intellect and the forum. A great poet has said—

> "What we most prize in woman
> Is her affections, not her intellect!
> The intellect is *finite*; but the affections
> Are *infinite*, and cannot be exhausted."

Let man vaunt his great mind when it sways the multitude, or rules the nations. How glad he is to bring that massive intellect, his greatest boast, heated and panting, from the burning sunlight of his high station, to nestle it in the shade of her palm-like affections; and, from that secluded repose, to gather new strength and vigor.

It has been thought that Mrs. Browning has arrayed herself definitely on the side of "woman's rights." In her latest work, "Aurora Leigh," she portrays the character and life of a gifted and aspiring woman in a manner which seems to warrant such a charge. In one passage she attacks, in the most relentless manner, the ordinary occupation of ladies:—

> "The works of women are symbolical.
> We sew—sew; prick our fingers—dull our sight;
> Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
> To put on when you're weary; or a stool,
> To tumble over and vex you. . . . . 'Curse that stool!'

Or else, at best, a cushion where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be, for your sake. Alas, alas!
This hurts most, this . . . that, after all, we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps."

Again; she reflects bitterly upon what she deems man's estimate of woman's literary efforts,—

Expressing the comparative respect
Which means the absolute scorn. "Oh, excellent!
What grace! what facile terms! what fluent sweeps!
What delicate discernment . . . almost thought!
The book does honor to the sex, we hold.
Among our female authors we make room
For this fair writer, and congratulate
The country that produces, in these times,
Such women, competent to . . . spell!"

But how noble her concession at the end; how her heart pours itself out to the long-tried, the blind and solitary Romney of her early love; how does she rise to the loftiest sentiment of woman and the noblest expression of poetry in the long explanation concluding with that Sunrise at Rome, which they witness hand in hand, heart linked with heart, and which is typical of the brighter dawn of Heaven,—Heaven's sunrise to Earth's blindness. She describes it to the blind man who could only feel it, or could only see it with the inner eye of the soul:—

"Lifting up my hand in his,
As wheeled by seeing spirits toward the east,
He turned instinctively,—where faint and fair,
Along the tingling desert of the sky,
Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,

Were laid, in jasper stone as clear as glass,
The first foundations of that new near day
Which should be builded out of heaven to God.
He stood a moment with erected brows,
In silence, as a creature might who gazed;
Stood calm and fed his blind, majestic eyes,
Upon the thought of perfect noon. And when
I saw his soul saw,—'Jasper first,' I said,
'And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
The rest in order . . . last, an amethyst.'"

It would neither be practicable nor proper to give critical comments upon the poetesses here enrolled. We must epitomize by glancing at a few as types of the whole sisterhood.

No work could open with a more fitting usher than Mrs. Hannah More; an elegant lady, an humble Christian, a gifted poetess; her precepts, her devotions, and her songs have instructed, improved, and delighted both hemispheres; and no one of her poems could have claimed an equal right to precedence with her beautiful "Inscription," which we have placed, as it were, upon the entrance door to our "Gallery:" it is fancifully descriptive of the varied charms within, and bids, in gentle tones of invitation, only the proper guests, to enter and admire its beauties.

"Mortals formed of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away;
Or if you should dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.
* * * * * *
Come ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my bower to you;
You these mossy banks may press;
You each guardian Fay shall bless."

Such names as Mrs. BARBAULD, Miss AIKIN, and Mrs. OPIE,—"familiar as household words,"—will, we are sure, be greeted with interest; while Mrs. JOANNA BAILLIE, impresses us half with love and half with awe, with her solemn look from beneath the coif and cap.

Mrs. HOWITT seems never to forget the children, and so not a mother in this land or in England will ever forget her. Now she expresses her pity for "Pauper Orphans;" now 'tis a chant to "Old Christmas,"—and what is Christmas without children?—and anon it is a "Swinging Song," which fairly takes the breath away to read it:—

"Down with the hoop upon the green,
Down with the ringing tamborine;—
Little heed we for this or for that;
Off with the bonnet, off with the hat,
Away we go like birds on the wing!
Higher yet! higher yet! 'Now for the king!'
This is the way we swing—we swing!"

Mrs. NORTON has a witching melody that haunts the memory like some old song, ever ringing its chimes of love and hope: while a mournful beauty irradiates every relic of the gifted L. E. L.

No American can coldly read the poems of ELIZA COOK: they appeal not only to the great heart of mankind, but to our own national pride and glory.

What a just and beautiful estimate of our immortal Washington. How true, and how catholic, the picture she draws of Nature's gentleman; whose title stands in the letters patent of Nature, stamped with the signet of Nature's God:—

"His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe,—
An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine robe."

Her lines entitled, "There's a Star in the West," leave us in her debt for a glorious eulogy on our beloved country.

Of Mrs. BROWNING we mean to say little; only this: that she is, in our estimation, the greatest living English poet. Our space is not sufficient for a just criticism of her works.

One word we write to ask attention to the excellent translations of CATHERINE WINKWORTH, taken from the "Lyra Germanica." This work is a collectaneum of German lyrical devotion for several centuries past, and contains, among numerous others, several of Luther's finest hymns.

Of the American poetesses, less need be said, because they are more familiar to all our readers.

Southey proclaimed that the poetic genius of Mrs. BROOKS (Maria del Occidente) was of the first order. There is nothing more melodious than the song,

"Day in melting purple dying."

Miss GOULD is sparkling and original. Mrs. SIGOURNEY yet lives and writes, receiving the homage and esteem so eminently her due. Mrs. OSGOOD, living only through her beautiful poems, is one of the greatest American favorites, because her large heart seemed open to the finest and most universal sentiments. Little children had a great place in her affections and her poetry; and it seemed that there was no manifestation of humanity which did not share in her sympathy.

But of all the poetesses, whose names we have here inscribed, there is none more deserving of honorable mention than Mrs. SARAH J. HALE.

Devoted to literature, by taste and culture, it has been no less her occupation from necessity. By it she has main-

tained her dignity and independence in the world, upon which she was rudely thrown by adverse fortune.

But her duty and her pleasure have always coincided; and her task-work has been inspired by the power of an untrammelled genius. Of the extracts in this volume, "The Gold Pen" is taken from a manuscript poem, and the others have not been generally known. Their merit is due equally to the vigor of thought and the excellent choice of strong English words.

Last in our volume we have placed the name of a poetess whose harp has only yet been touched to wailing notes; but what power and pathos are exhibited! Mrs. McMASTERS stands, although yet little known, in the first rank of American poetesses. Her little "Requiem" is exquisite; and the "Deus Misereatur" is so powerful in touch that we fancy it set to some grand fantasy of Haydn, or Mozart, no ordinary reading doing justice to its grandeur.

Of the rest, all worthy of special notice, the greater part are living poetesses, and we may hope for still greater beauties from their pens; but some "are fallen asleep," and tune sweeter harps to nobler songs:—and yet they are still ours—to admire, to love, and to bless.

"Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name;
But, as yon starry gems, that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won, in memory's depths,
An immortality!"

H. C.

PHILADELPHIA, August 10, 1859.

H More

HANNAH MORE.

INSCRIPTION.

Airy spirits, you who love
Cooling bower, or shady grove;
Streams that murmur as they flow,
Zephyrs bland that softly blow;

Babbling echo, or the tale
Of the love-lorn Nightingale;
Hither, airy spirits, come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noontide shade,
Hither, Sylphs and Fairies, fly,
Unobserved of earthly eye.

Come and wander every night
By the moonbeam's glimmering light;
And again at early day
Brush the silver dews away.

Mark where first the daisies blow,
Where the bluest violets grow;
Where the sweetest linnet sings,
Where the earliest cowslip springs;

Where the largest acorn lies,
Precious in a Fairy's eyes;
Sylphs, though unconfined to place,
Love to fill an acorn's space.

Come, and mark within what bush
Builds the blackbird or the thrush;
Great his joy who first espies,
Greater his who spares the prize.

Come, and watch the hallowed bower,
Chase the insect from the flower;
Little offices like these,
Gentle souls and Fairies please.

Mortals formed of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away;
Or, if you should dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, Fashion's fool,
Mad ambition's restless tool;
Slave of passion, slave of power,
Fly, ah, fly, this tranquil bower.

Son of avarice, soul of frost,
Wretch! of Heaven abhorred the most,
Learn to pity others' wants,
Or avoid these hallowed haunts.

Eye unconscious of a tear
When affliction's train appear:
Heart that never heaved a sigh
For another, come not nigh.

But, ye darling sons of Heaven,
Giving freely what was given;
You, whose liberal hands dispense
The blessings of benevolence;

You, who wipe the tearful eye,
You, who stop the rising sigh;
You, whose souls have understood
The luxury of doing good;

Come, ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my bower to you;
You, these mossy banks may press;
You, each guardian Fay shall bless.

ODE TO CHARITY.

O Charity, divinely wise,
Thou meek-eyed Daughter of the skies!
From the pure fountain of eternal light,
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,

The Beatific vision shines,
Where Angel with Archangel joins,
In choral songs to sing His praise,
Parent of Life, Ancient of Days,
Who was ere Time existed, and shall be
Through the wide round of vast Eternity,
O come, thy warm celestial beams impart,
Enlarge my feelings and expand my heart!

Descend from radiant realms above,
Thou effluence of that boundless love
Whence joy and peace in streams unsullied flow,
O deign to make thy loved abode below!
Though sweeter strains adorned my tongue
Than Saint conceived or Seraph sung,
And though my glowing fancy caught
Whatever Art or Nature taught,
Yet if this hard unfeeling heart of mine
Ne'er felt thy force, O Charity divine!
An empty shadow Science would be found:
My knowledge, ignorance, my wit a sound.

Though my prophetic spirit knew
To bring futurity to view,
Without thy aid e'en this would nought avail,
For Tongues shall cease, and Prophecies shall fail.
Come, then, thou sweet immortal guest,
Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,
Bring with thee Faith, divinely bright,
And Hope, fair harbinger of light,
To clear each mist with their pervading ray,
To fit my soul for Heaven, and point the way;
There perfect Happiness her sway maintains;
For there the God of Peace forever reigns.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

SONG.

Ah, Evan, by thy winding stream
How once I loved to stray,
And view the morning's reddening beam,
Or charm of closing day!

To yon dear grot by Evan's side,
How oft my steps were led,
Where far beneath the waters glide,
And thick the woods are spread!

But I no more a charm can see
In Evan's lovely glades;
And drear and desolate to me
Are those enchanting shades.

While far—how far from Evan's bowers,
My wandering lover flies;
Where dark the angry tempest lowers,
And high the billows rise!

And O, where'er the wanderer goes,
Is that poor mourner dear,
Who gives, while soft the Evan flows,
Each passing wave a tear!

And does he now that grotto view?
On those steep banks still gaze?
In fancy does he still pursue
The Evan's lovely maze?

O come! repass the stormy wave,
O toil for gold no more!
Our love a dearer pleasure gave
On Evan's peaceful shore.

Leave not my breaking heart to mourn
The joys so long denied;
Ah, soon to those green banks return,
Where Evan meets the Clyde!

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed:
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee!

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
  Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lour,
  My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
  The louring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
  That heart will rest on Thee!

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

ODE TO SPRING.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth,
Crowned with fresh blooms, and ever-springing shade,
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await,
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favored youth,
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds which through the whispering
boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph! approach, while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade,
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short; the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee, then, farewell;
For oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O THOU! the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole

Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through the vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet;
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submitted head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, oh nymph, retired and coy,
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say, what soft propitious hour,
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day?

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering in the shade.

ON THE DEITY.

I READ God's awful name emblazoned high
With golden letters on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With Thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With Thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own Thy forming power,
In each event Thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me and Thy fear control:
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of Thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye,—
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state:—
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to Thee, in Thee to die!

J. Baillie

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair?—thou urchin sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his,—or squire or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes,
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness swiftly from me running,
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far afield thou hast not flown;
With mocks and threats, half lisped, half spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle, too,
A mimic warfare with me waging;
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
Thy weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be!—through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

THE GRAVE OF COLUMBUS.

Silence, solemn, awful, deep,
Doth in that hall of death her empire keep;
Save when at times the hollow pavement, smote
By solitary wanderer's foot, amain
From lofty dome and arch and aisle remote,
A circling loud response receives again.
The stranger starts to hear the growing sound,
And sees the blazoned trophies waving near;
"Ha! tread my feet so near that sacred ground?"
He stops and bows his head:—"Columbus resteth here!"

Some ardent youth, perhaps, ere from his home
He launch his venturous bark, will hither come;
Read fondly o'er and o'er his graven name,
With feelings keenly touched,—with heart of flame,
Till wrapped in fancy's wild delusive dream,
Times past, and long forgotten, present seem;
To his charmed ear the east-wind rising shrill,
Seems through the Hero's shroud to whistle still.
The clock's deep pendulum swinging, through the blast
Sounds like the rocking of the lofty mast;
While fitful gusts rave like his clamorous band
Mixed with the accents of his high command.
Slowly the stripling quits the pensive scene,
And burns, and sighs, and weeps to be what he has
been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;
As thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When but for those our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,
A desert bare, a shipless sea!

They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When memory of the mighty dead
  To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed
  That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
  Each hero shines, and lures the soul
  To gain the distant happy goal.
For is there one who musing o'er the grave
Where lies interred the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think beneath the mouldering heap,
That noble being shall forever sleep?
"No!" saith the generous heart, and proudly swells,—
"Though his cered corpse lies here, with God his spirit
    dwells!"

A MOTHER TO HER WAKING INFANT.

Now in thy dazzled, half-oped eye,
Thy curled nose and lip awry,
Uphoisted arms and noddling head,
And little chin with crystal spread,

Poor helpless thing! what do I see
That I should sing of thee?

From thy poor tongue no accents come,
Which can but rub thy toothless gum:
Small understanding boasts thy face;
Thy shapeless limbs nor step nor grace:
A few short words thy feats may tell;
And yet I love thee well.

When wakes the sudden bitter shriek,
And redder swells thy little cheek;

When rattled keys thy woes beguile,
And through thy eyelids gleams the smile;
Still for thy weakly self is spent
Thy little silly plaint.

But when thy friends are in distress,
Thou'lt laugh and chuckle ne'ertheless;
Nor with kind sympathy be smitten,
Though all are sad but thee and kitten;
Yet, puny varlet that thou art,
Thou twitchest at the heart.

Thy smooth round cheek so soft and warm;
Thy pinky hand and dimpled arm;
Thy silken locks that scantly peep,
With gold-tipped ends, where circles deep,
Around thy neck in harmless grace
So soft and sleekly hold their place,
Might harder hearts with kindness fill,
And gain our right good will.

Each passing clown bestows his blessing,
Thy mouth is worn with old wives' kissing:
E'en lighter looks the gloomy eye
Of surly sense when thou art by;
And yet, I think, whoe'er they be,
They love thee not like me.

Perhaps when time shall add a few
Short months to thee, thou'lt love me too;

And after that, through life's long way
Become my sure and cheering stay;
Wilt care for me and be my hold,
When I am weak and old.

Thou'lt listen to my lengthened tale,
And pity me when I am frail—
But see! the sweepy, swimming fly,
Upon the window takes thine eye.
Go to thy little senseless play;
Thou dost not heed my lay.

LUCY AIKIN.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

Around the fire, one winter night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
  Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus to gain their willing ear,
  A feeble voice was heard to implore:—

"Cold blows the blast across the moor:
  The sleet drives hissing in the wind:
You toilsome mountain lies before;
  A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
  No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
  Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am—these tottering feet
  No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
  And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
  And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
  The weary moor that I have passed!"

With hasty step the farmer ran,
  And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
  With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

ARABIA.

O'er Arabia's desert sands
The patient camel walks;
Mid lonely caves and rocky lands
The fell hyena stalks.
On the cool and shady hills
Coffee shrubs and tamarinds grow;
Headlong fall the welcome rills
Down the fruitful dells below.

The fragrant myrrh and healing balm
Perfume the passing gale;

Thick hung with dates, the spreading palm
  Towers o'er the peopled vale.
Locusts oft, a living cloud,
  Hover in the darkened air;
Like a torrent dashing loud,
  Bringing famine and despair.

And often o'er the level waste
  The stifling hot winds fly;
Down falls the swain with trembling haste,
  The gasping cattle die.
Shepherd people on the plain
  Pitch their tents and wander free;
Wealthy cities they disdain,
  Poor,—yet blessed with liberty.

AMELIA OPIE.

HYMN.

THERE'S not a leaf within the bower;
  There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dewdrop on the flower,
  But bears the impress, Lord! of Thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
  And gave the bird its thrilling tone:
Thy power the dewdrop's tints combined,
  Till like a diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes: dewdrops, leaves, and birds, and all,
  The smallest like the greatest things;
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
  Alike proclaim Thee King of Kings.

But man alone to bounteous Heaven
  Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise;
To favored man alone 'tis given
  To join the angelic choir in praise.

SONG.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
  New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
  To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
  Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer.—
  Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me:
But, oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot;
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not!

REMEMBRANCE.

Where'er I stray, thou dear departed one,
I see thy form, thy voice I seem to hear!
And though thou art to brighter regions gone,
Thy smile still charms my eye, thy tones my ear!

Whene'er adown thy favorite walk I go,
Still, still I feel the pressure of thy arm;
And oh! so strong the sweet illusions grow,
I shun, I loathe whatever breaks the charm.

In vain I'm urged to join the social scene;
This silent shade alone has charms for me:
I love to be where I with thee have been;
And home, though desolate, is full of thee!

A LAMENT.

There was an eye, whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see;

There was an ear that heard untired
When others spoke in praise of me.

There was a heart time only taught
With warmer love for me to burn;
A heart whene'er from home I roved,
Which fondly pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed
E'en short farewells in tones of sadness;
There was a voice whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There was a mind whose vigorous power
On mine its own effulgence threw,
And called my humble talents forth,
While thence its dearest joys it drew.

There was a love, which for my weal
With anxious fears would overflow;
Which wept, which prayed for me, and sought
From future ills to guard—But now!—

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute forever;
And cold that heart of anxious love,
Which death alone from mine could sever:

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my various tasks to see;

And oh! of all the praise I gained,
His was the dearest far to me!

Now I unloved, uncheered, *alone*,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
Till He who heals the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead.

O Thou! who from thy throne on high,
Canst heed the mourner's deep distress;
O Thou, who hear'st the widow's cry,
Thou! Father of the fatherless!

Though now I am a faded leaf,
That's severed from its parent tree,
And thrown upon a stormy tide,
Life's awful tide that leads to Thee!—

Still, gracious Lord! the voice of praise
Shall spring spontaneous from my breast;
Since, though I tread a weary way,
I trust that he I mourn is blest.

ANN RADCLIFFE.

TO THE WINDS.

Viewless, through Heaven's vast vault your course ye
steer,
Unknown from whence ye come, or whither go!
Mysterious powers! I hear you murmur low,

Till swells your loud gust on my startled ear,
And, awful, seems to say—some God is near!
I love to list your midnight voices float
In the dread storm that o'er the ocean rolls,
And, while their charm the angry wave controls,
Mix with its sullen roar, and sink remote.
Then, rising in the pause, a sweeter note,
The dirge of spirits, who your deeds bewail,
A sweeter note oft swells while sweeps the gale!
But soon, ye sightless powers! your rest is o'er,
Solemn and slow, ye rise upon the air,
Speak in the shrouds, and bid the sea-boy fear,
And the faint-warbled dirge—is heard no more!

Oh! then I deprecate your awful reign!
The loud lament yet bear not on your breath!
Bear not the crash of bark far on the main,
Bear not the cry of men, who cry in vain,
The crew's dread chorus sinking into death!
Oh! give not these, ye powers! I ask alone,
As rapt I climb these dark, romantic steeps,
The elemental war, the billow's moan;
I ask the still, sweet tear, that listening Fancy weeps.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

In the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sunbeams play;
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did daylight stray.

I dive beneath the green sea-waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim every shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force,
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;
Follow the day-star's flaming course,
Through realms of space to thought unknown;

And listen to celestial sounds
That swell in air, unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy clift
That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And Ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells!—I hear them now;
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles through the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to some ruined tower,
Faintly shown by moonlight gleam,
When the lone wanderer owns my power,
In shadows dire that substance seem;

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence make more dread;
In music breathing from below
Sad, solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move—unknown am feared;
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

M. R. Mitford

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

There is a voice of magic power
To charm the old, delight the young—
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue;

Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptured on the voice of praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepared to fly:
'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek,
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
The charm her sweet confusion shows
Oft springs from some low broken word:
O Praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their darling victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
The shouts of love, of praise, to hear!
Yes! fame to generous minds is dear—
It pierces to their inmost core:

He weeps, who never shed a tear;
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

The poet, too;—ah! well I deem
Small is the need the tale to tell;
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
On thee at noon, at midnight, dwell?
Who knows not that thy magic spell
Can charm his every care away?
In memory, cheer his gloomy cell;
In hope, can lend a deathless day?

'Tis sweet to watch Affection's eye:
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
When Friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame.
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallowed flame,
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!—

That voice can quiet passion's mood,
  Can humble merit raise on high ;
And from the wise, and from the good,
  It breathes of immortality!
  There is a lip, there is an eye
Where most I love to see it shine,
  To hear it speak, to feel it sigh,—
My mother! need I say 'tis thine!

ON A PICTURE OF JERUSALEM AT THE TIME OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

JERUSALEM! and at the fatal hour!
No need of dull and frivolous question here!
No need of human agents to make clear
The most tremendous act of human power!
The distant cross; the rent and fallen tower;
The opening graves, from which the dead uprear
Their buried forms; the elemental fear,
When horrid light and horrid darkness lower;
All tell the holy tale: the mystery
And solace of our souls. Awe-struck we gaze
On this so mute yet eloquent history!
Awe-struck and sad, at length our eyes we raise
To go:—yet oft return that scene to see,
Too full of the great theme to think of praise.

ANTIGONE.

'TWAS noon; beneath the ardent ray
Proud Thebes in all her glory lay;
On pillared porch, on marble wall,
On temple, portico, and hall,
The summer sunbeams gaily fall;

Bathing, as in a flood of light,
Each sculptured frieze and column bright
Dirce's pure stream meanders there,
A silver mirror clear and fair;
Now giving back the deep-blue sky,
And now the city proud and high,
And now the sacred grove;
And sometimes on its wave a shade,
Making the light more lovely, played,
When some close-brooding dove
Flew from her nest, on rapid wing,
For needful food across the spring,
Or sought her home of love.
The very air in that calm hour,
Seemed trembling with the conscious power
Of its own balminess;
The herbage, if by light foot pressed,
Sent up sweet odors from its breast;—
Sure, if coy happiness
E'er dwelt on earth, 'twas in that clime
Of beauty, in that noonday prime
Of thrilling pleasantness!

But who are they before the gate
Of Thebes convened in silent state?
Sad, gray-haired men, with looks bowed down,
Slaves to a tyrant's haughty frown:
And he the wicked king, and she
The royal maid Antigone,
Passing to death. Awhile she laid
Her clasped hands on her heart, and stayed

Her firmer step, as if to look
On the fair world which she forsook ;
And then the sunbeams on her face
Fell, as on sculptured Nymph or Grace,
Lighting her features with a glow
That seemed to mock their patient woe.

She stayed her onward step, and stood
A moment's space ;—oh, what a flood
Of recollected anguish stole
In that brief moment o'er her soul !
The concentrated grief of years,
The mystery, horror, guilt and tears,
The story of her life passed by,
E'en in the heaving of a sigh !

She thought upon the blissful hour
Of infancy, when, as a flower
Set in the sun, she grew,
Without a fear, without a care,
Enjoying, innocent and fair,
As buoyant as the mountain air,
As pure as morning dew ;
Till burst at once like lightning's flame,
The tale we tremble but to name,
Of them from whom her being came,
Poor Œdipus, and one,
The wretched yet unconscious dame,
Who wedded with her son !

Then horror fast on horror rose:
She maddening died beneath her woes,
Whilst crownless, sightless, hopeless, *he*
Dared to outlive that agony.
Through many a trackless path and wild
The blind man and his duteous child
Wandered, 'till pitying Theseus gave
The shelter brief, the mystic grave.
One weary heart finds rest at last:
But, when to Thebes the maiden passed,
The god's stern wrath was there:—
Her brothers each by other slain,
And one upon the bloody plain
Left festering in the sun and rain,
Tainting the very air;
For none, the haughty Creon said,
On pain of death should yield the dead
Burial, or tear, or sigh;
And, for alone she feebly strove
To pay the decent rites of love,
The pious maid must die.

She paused—and in that moment rose
As in a mirror all her woes;
She spake—the flush across her cheek
Told of the woe she would not speak,
As a brief thought of Hæmon stole
With bitter love across her soul.
"I die,—and what is death to me
But freedom from long misery?

Joyful to fall before my time.
I die; and, tyrant, hear my crime:
I did but strive his limbs to shield
From the gaunt prowlers of the field;
I did but weave, as nature weaves,
A shroud of grass and moss and leaves;
I did but scatter dust to dust,
As desert wind on marble bust;
I did but as the patient wren
And the kind redbreast do for men.
I die—and what is death to me?
But tremble in thy tyranny,
Tyrant! and ye, base slaves of power,
Tremble at freedom's coming hour!
I die—and death is bliss to me!"
Then, with a step erect and free,
With brow upraised and even breath,
The royal virgin passed to death.

MARY HOWITT.

PAUPER ORPHANS.

They never knew what 'twas to play,
Without control, the long, long day,

In wood and field at will;
They knew no tree, no bird, no bud,
They got no strawberries from the wood,
No wild thyme from the hill.

They played not on a mother's floor;
They toiled amidst the hum and roar
Of bobbins and of wheels;—
The air they drew was not the mild
Bounty of Nature, but defiled,—
And scanty were their meals.

Their lives can know no passing joy.
Dwindled and dwarfed are girl and boy,
And even in childhood old;
With hollow eye and anxious air,
As if a heavy grasping care
Their spirits did infold.

Their limbs are swollen, their bodies bent,
And worse, no noble sentiment
Their darkened minds pervade;
Feeble and blemished by disease,
Nothing their marble hearts can please,
But doings that degrade.

Oh, hapless heirs of want and woe!
What hope of comfort can they know!
Them man and law condemn;

They have no guide to lead them right,
Darkness they have not known from light,—
Heaven be a friend to them!

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth;
For he is as good a fellow,
As any upon the earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin,
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean ;
We set him in the old armed chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,—
For it was his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale barrel,
And bring out wine and meat ;
And thus have all things ready,
Our dear old friend to greet.

And soon the time wears round,
The good old carle we see,
Coming a-near ;—for a creditor
Less punctual is than he !

He comes with a cordial voice
That does one good to hear ;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
He asks in a cheerful tone,
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—
He remembers them every one!

What a fine old fellow he is,
With his faculties all as clear,
And his heart as warm and light
As a man in his fortieth year!

What a fine old fellow, in troth!
Not one of your griping elves,
Who, with plenty of money to spare,
Think only about themselves!

Not he! for he loveth the children;
And holiday begs for all;
And comes, with his pockets full of gifts,
For the great ones and the small!

With a present for every servant;—
For in giving he doth not tire;—
From the red-faced, jovial butler,
To the girl by the kitchen-fire.

And he tells us witty old stories,
And singeth with might and main;
And we talk of the old man's visit
Till the day that he comes again!

Oh, he is a kind old fellow,
For though that beef be dear,
He giveth the parish paupers
A good dinner once a year!

And all the workhouse children
He sets them down in a row,
And giveth them rare plum-pudding,
And two-pence a piece also.

Oh, could you have seen those paupers,
Have heard those children young,
You would wish with them that Christmas
Came oft and tarried long!

He must be a rich old fellow,—
What money he gives away!
There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day!

Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life, let us sing,
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crowned king!

A SWINGING SONG.

Merry it is on a summer's day,
All through the meadows to wend away;
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow,
And the little fish twinkle down below;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing,
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry thing—
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing!

Merry it is on a winter's night,
To listen to tales of elf and sprite,
Of caves and castles so dim and old,—
The dismallest tales that ever were told;—
And then to laugh, and then to sing,
You may take my word is a merry thing,—
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing!

Down with the hoop upon the green,
Down with the ringing tambourine;—
Little heed we for this or for that;
Off with the bonnet, off with the hat
Away we go like birds on the wing!
Higher yet! higher yet! "Now for the King!"
This is the way we swing—we swing!

Scarcely the bough bends, Claude is so light,
Mount up behind him—there, that is right!

Down bends the branch now;—swing him away
Higher yet—higher yet—higher I say!
Oh, what a joy it is! Now let us sing
"A pear for the Queen—an apple for the King!"
And shake the old tree as we swing—we swing.

ENGLISH CHURCHES.

How beautiful they stand,
Those ancient altars of our native land!

Amid the pasture fields and dark green woods,
Amid the mountain's cloudy solitudes;
By rivers broad that rush into the sea;
  By little brooks that with a lapsing sound,
Like playful children, run by copse and lea:
  Each in its little plot of holy ground,
  How beautiful they stand,
Those old gray churches of our native land!

  Our lives are all turmoil;
Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,
Grasping and straining—tasking nerve and brain,
—Both day and night for gain!
We have grown worldly: have made gold our god:
  Have turned our hearts away from lowly things:
We seek not now the wild flower on the sod;
  We see not snowy-folded angels' wings
  Amid the summer-skies;
For visions come not to polluted eyes!

  Yet, blessed quiet fanes!
Still piety, still poetry remains,
And shall remain, whilst ever on the air
One chapel-bell calls high and low to prayer,—
Whilst ever green and sunny churchyards keep
  The dust of one beloved, and tears are shed,
From founts which in the human heart lie deep!
  Something in these aspiring days we need
  To keep our spirits lowly,
To set within our hearts sweet thoughts and holy!

And 'tis for this they stand,
The old gray churches of our native land!
And even in the gold-corrupted mart,
In the great city's heart,
They stand; and chanting dim and organ sound
And stated services of prayer and praise,
Like to the righteous ten who were not found
For the polluted city, shall upraise,
Meek faith and love sincere,—
Better in time of need than shield and spear!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

THE RIVER.

River! river! little river!
  Bright you sparkle on your way;
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
  Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!
  On you rush o'er rough and smooth;
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
  Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
  Broad, and deep, and *still* as Time;
Seeming *still*, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
  Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river!
  Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
  Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!
  Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
  Like Eternity.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence, and bloom:
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures! "They neither toil nor spin,"
Yet lo! what goodly raiment they are all apparelled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of Eastern queen, endiademed with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall,
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all;
The dew, the shower, the sunshine, the balmy blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely share.

The happy careless creatures! of time they take no heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone cry dolefully, "Would God that it were day!"

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast.
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay;
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!

Felicia Hemans

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

Come from the woods with the citron flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;—
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
Like starry dews 'midst the roses there;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone;

But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.
She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;
She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;
She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from love which hath still been true;
Mute be the song and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is near again!
She wept on her mother's faithful breast.
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
In his that waited her dawning smile,
Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less
For the gush of nature's tenderness!
She lifted her graceful head at last—
The choking swell of her heart was past;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all season for thine own, O Death!

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep? to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend,—
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!—
The flowers I loved to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore, let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless,—yet I go!
Lips, that have lulled me with your strain,
Eyes, that have watched my sleep:
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother! let me weep!

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
  Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
  Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
  Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
  Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
  How softly on their bowers

Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours;
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

TO A HORSE.

I KNOW by the ardor thou canst not restrain,
By the curve of thy neck and the toss of thy mane,
By the foam of thy snorting which spangles my brow,
The fire of the Arab is hot in thee now.

'T were harsh to control thee, my frolicsome steed,
I give thee the rein—so away at thy speed;
Thy rider will dare to be wilful as thee,
Laugh the future to scorn, and partake in thy glee.
Away to the mountain—what need we to fear?
Pursuit cannot press on my Fairy's career,
Full light were the heel and well balanced the head
That ventured to follow the track of thy tread;
Where roars the loud torrent, and starts the rude plank,
And thunders the rock-severed mass down the bank,
While mirrored in crystal the far shooting glow,
With dazzling effulgence is sparkling below.
One start, and I die; yet in peace I recline,
My bosom can rest on the fealty of thine;
Thou lov'st me, my sweet one, and wouldst not be free
From a yoke that has never borne rudely on thee.
Ah, pleasant the empire of those to confess,
Whose wrath is a whisper, their rule a caress.

Behold how thy playmate is stretching beside,
As loth to be vanquished in love or in pride,
While upward he glances his eyeball of jet,
Half dreading thy fleetness may distance him yet.
Ah Marco, poor Marco—our pastime to-day
Were reft of one pleasure if he were away.

How precious these moments! fair Freedom expands
Her pinions of light o'er the desolate lands:
The waters are flashing as bright as thine eye,
Unchained as thy motion the breezes sweep by;

Delicious they come, o'er the flower-scented earth,
Like whispers of love from the isle of my birth;
While the white-bosomed Cistus her perfume exhales,
And sighs out a spicy farewell to the gales.
Unfeared and unfearing we'll traverse the wood,
Where pours the rude torrent the turbulent flood:
The forest's red children will smile as we scour
By the log-fashioned hut and the pine-woven bower;
The feathery footsteps scarce bending the grass,
Or denting the dew-spangled moss where we pass.

What startles thee? 'Twas but the sentinel gun
Flashed a vesper salute to thy rival the sun:
He has closed his swift progress before thee, and sweeps
With fetlock of gold, the last verge of the steeps.
The fire-fly anon from his covert shall glide,
And dark fall the shadows of eve on the tide.
Tread softly—my spirit is joyous no more,
A northern aurora, it shone and is o'er;
The tears will fall fast as I gather the rein,
And a long look reverts to yon shadowy plain.

THE MILLENNIUM.

When from scattered lands afar
Speeds the voice of rumored war,
Nations in conflicting pride
Heaved like Ocean's stormy tide,

When the solar splendors fail,
And the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that starlike reign
Sink dishonored to the plain,
World, do thou the signal dread,
We exalt the drooping head,
We uplift the expectant eye—
Our redemption draweth nigh.
When the fig-tree shoots appear,
Men proclaim their summer near;
When the hearts of rebels fail,
We the coming Saviour hail;
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,
Listen to her longing vows—
Listen to her widowed moan,
Listen to creation's groan!
Bid, oh bid the trumpet sound,
Gather thine elect around;
Gird with saints thy flaming car,
Gather them from climes afar,
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb,
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame,
Mighty Head! thy members claim!

Where are those whose fierce disdain
Scorned Messiah's gentle reign?
Lo, in seas of sulphurous fire,
Now they taste his tardy ire,

Prisoned till the appointed day
When this world shall pass away.

Quelled are all thy foes, O Lord,
Sheathe again the victor sword.
Where thy cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distilled in blood,
Where they mocked thy dying groan,
King of nations, plant thy throne!
Send the law from Zion forth,
Over all the willing earth:
Earth, whose Sabbath beauties rise
Crowned with more than Paradise.

Sacred be the opposing veil!
Mortal sense and sight must fail.
Yet the day, the hour is nigh,
We shall see thee eye to eye.
Be our souls in peace possessed
While we seek the promised rest.
And from every heart and home
Breathe the prayer, Lord Jesus, come!
Haste to set thy people free;
Come! creation groans for thee!

A NIGHT STORM AT SEA.

'Tis eve:—ascending high, the ocean storm
Spreads in dark volume his portentous form;
His hollow breezes, bursting from the clouds,
Distend the sail, and whistle through the shrouds.
Roused by the note of elemental strife,
The swelling waters tremble into life;
Lo! through the tumult of the dashing spray
The storm-beat vessel labors on her way.
With bending mast, rent sail, and straining sides,
High on the foaming precipice she rides,
Then reeling onward with descending prow,
In giddy sweep, glides to the gulf below:
Her fragile form conflicting billows rock,
Her timbers echo to the frequent shock,
Whilst bursting o'er the deck, each roaring wave
Bears some new victim to a hideous grave.
The voice of thunder rides upon the blast,
And the blue death-fire plays around the mast:
Beneath the pennon of a riven sail,
That vessel drives, abandoned to the gale.
Above, more darkly frowns the brow of night,
Beneath, the waters glow more fiercely bright;
Ploughing a track of mingled foam and fire,
Fast flies the ship before the tempest's ire,
While reeling to and fro the hapless crew
Gaze on the wild abyss, and shudder at the view.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

THEY LOVED ONE ANOTHER.

They loved one another! young Edward and his wife;
And in their cottage-home they dwelt, apart from sin and strife.

Each evening Edward weary came from a day of honest
toil,
And Mary made the fire blaze and smiled a cheerful smile:
Oh! what was wealth or pomp to them, the gaudy glitter-
ing show

Of jewels blazing on the breast, where heaves a heart of
woe!

The merry laugh, the placid sleep, were theirs; they hated
sloth,
And all the little that they had, belonged alike to both,
For they loved one another!

They loved one another! but one of them is gone,
And by that vainly cheerful hearth poor Edward sits alone.
He gazes round on all which used to make his heart rejoice,
And he misses Mary's gentle smile, he misses Mary's voice.
There are many in this chilly world who would not care to
part,
Tho' they dwell together in one home, and ought to have
one heart,
And yet *they* live! while never more those happy ones
may meet;
And the echo from her home is gone of Mary's busy feet:
And *they* loved one another!

They loved one another! but she hath passed away,
And taken with her all the light, the sunshine of his day;
And Edward makes no loud lament, nor idly sits and
mourns,
But quietly goes forth at morn, and quietly returns.
The cottage now is still and dark, no welcome bids him
home,
He passes it and wanders on, to sit by Mary's tomb.
Oh! weep, my friends—for very sad and bitter it must be
To yearn for some familiar face we never more may see—
When we loved one another!

AS WHEN FROM DREAMS AWAKING.

As when from dreams awaking
  The dim forms float away,
Whose visioned smiles were making
  Our darkness bright as day;
We vainly strive while weeping,
  From their shining spirit's track,
(Where they fled while we were sleeping,)
  To call those dear ones back!

Like the stars, some power divides them
  From a world of want and pain:
They are there, but daylight hides them,
  And we look for them in vain.
For a while we dwell with sadness
  On the beauty of that dream,
Then turn, and hail with gladness
  The light of morning's beam.

So, when Memory's power is wringing
  Our lonely hearts to tears,
Dim forms around us bringing
  That brightened former years:
Fond looks and low words spoken,
  Which those dreamy days could boast,
Rise; till the spell be broken,
  We forget that they are lost!

But when the hour of darkness rolls
  Like heavy night away;
And peace is stealing o'er our souls,
  Like the dawn of summer day:
The dim sweet forms that used to bless,
  Seem stealing from us too;
We loved them—but joy's sunniness
  Hath hid them from our view!

Oh, could day beam eternally,
  And Memory's power cease,
This world a world of light would be,
  Our hearts were worlds of peace:
But dreams of joy return with night,
  And dwell upon the past—
And every grief that clouds our light,
  Reminds us of the last!

LE RANZ DES VACHES.

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour?
  Nos clairs ruisseaux,
  Nos hameaux,
  Nos côteaux,
  Nos montagnes,

Et l'ornement de nos montagnes,
La si gentille Isabeau ?
Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau ?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ?
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère ?

TRANSLATION.

When will that day of sunshine dawn for me
When I the objects of my love shall see ?
Our purling rills,
Our homes of ease,
Our towering hills,
Our leafy trees ;
And *her*, the pride of hill or dell,
My gentle blue-eyed Isabel ?
Beneath the elm that shades the flowery plain,
When shall I dance to shepherd's reed again ?

When will that day of sunshine dawn for me
When I the objects of my love shall see?
My father dear,
And gentle mother,
My sister fair,
And thee, my brother?
My playful lambs, that know my voice,
And at the well-known sound rejoice;
My goats, that round me in wild gambols played,
And thee, my life, my bride, my village maid!

THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

Innocent and pious heart!
By that act revealing
What had been thy last good thought,
And thy dying feeling,
When the numbing death and cold
Through thy veins was creeping,
And the sense of danger woke
Sense of holy keeping.

God, the Father! *He* could guard,
Though no mortal hearkened:
God, the Father! *He* could see,
Though the storm-cloud darkened:
God, the Father! *He* could guide
Children doomed to wander:
On His mercy, and His love,
Did those young hearts ponder,

When the wild blast, charged with snow,
Heavily swept by them,
And in all the bleak, blank world,
Not a friend stood nigh them!
Till within a child's weak heart,
In the midst of peril,
Rose the practical true faith—
Not profession sterile.

And the real undoubting prayer
To His throne ascended,
Who forever bends to hear
Those by men unfriended.
Yea, He heard thee:—though thy doom
Wake the tears of woman
(Judging with a human heart
Of a sorrow human).

Happier wert thou, to depart
(In thy meek prayers dying),
Than to live a life of woe,
Poverty, and sighing:
Happier, from a world more cold
Than the snow-drift, taken;
In a world of glorious light,
And sunshine, to awaken!

Year by year, from distant climes,
To seek uncertain Fortune,
Thy little comrades travel here
Our pity to importune;
With music of a foreign land,
And half-tamed, prisoned creatures,
Begging, with imploring smiles
On their sunburnt features.

Often beaten,—often made
Slaves of cruel masters,—
Hungry, exiled, helpless, faint,
Full of sad disasters.

Often, in their troubled sleep,
Of the far land dreaming,
Where kind faces, friendly eyes,
And native suns are beaming.

Yet each mother for thy death
Weepeth, while she readeth;
Thinking of the tender care
Which her own child needeth;
Looking on the soft glad eyes
With unclouded glances,
And the light quick fairy step,
Which around her dances;—

While *thy* home-friends, perished child,
Picture happy meetings;
Knowing not thy fate, they dwell
On imagined greetings;
Praying often, it may be,
For those little strangers,—
Long since taken, by God's will,
Out of this world's dangers!

THE VISIONARY PORTRAIT.

As by his lonely hearth he sate,
The shadow of a welcome dream

Passed o'er his heart,—disconsolate
His home did seem;
Comfort in vain was spread around,
For something still was wanting found.

Therefore he thought of one who might
Forever in his presence stay;
Whose dream should be of him by night,
Whose smile should be for him by day;
And the sweet vision, vague and far,
Rose on his fancy like a star.

"Let her be young, yet not a child,
Whose light and inexperienced mirth

Is all too wingèd and too wild
For sober earth,—
Too rainbow-like such mirth appears,
And fades away in misty tears.

"Let youth's fresh rose still gently bloom
Upon her smooth and downy cheek,
Yet let a shadow, not of gloom,
But soft and meek,
Tell that *some* sorrow she hath known,
Though not a sorrow of her own.

"And let her eyes be of the gray,
The soft gray of the brooding dove,
Full of the sweet and tender ray
Of modest love;
For fonder shows that dreamy hue
Than lustrous black or heavenly blue.

"Let her be full of quiet grace,
No sparkling wit with sudden glow
Brightening her purely chiselled face
And placid brow;
Not radiant to the *stranger's* eye,—
A creature easily passed by;

"But who, once seen, with untold power
Forever haunts the yearning heart,
Raised from the crowd that self-same hour
To dwell apart,

All sainted and enshrined to be,
The idol of our memory!

"And oh! let Mary be her name—
It hath a sweet and gentle sound,
At which no glories dear to fame
Come crowding round,
But which the dreaming heart beguiles
With holy thoughts and household smiles.

"With peaceful meetings, welcomes kind,
And love, the same in joy and tears,
And gushing intercourse of mind
Through faithful years;
Oh! dream of something half divine,
Be real—be mortal—and be mine!"

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THE OAK.

It is the last survivor of a race
Strong in their forest pride when I was young.
I can remember when, for miles around,
In place of those smooth meadows and corn-fields,

There stood ten thousand proud and stately trees,
Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt
Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow
Heaping for weeks their boughs. Even in the depth
Of hot July the glades were cool; the grass,
Yellow and parched elsewhere, grew long and fresh,
Shading wild strawberries and violets,
Or the lark's nest; and overhead the dove
Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
With melancholy songs; and scarce a beech
Was there without a honeysuckle linked
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers;
Or girdled by a brier-rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey bee.
There dwelt the last red deer, those antlered kings.
But this is all a dream,—the plough has passed
Where the stag bounded, and the day has looked
On the green twilight of the forest trees.
This oak has no companion!

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

"Not yet—the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet—my heart is full of hope—
I cannot bear to die.

"Not yet—I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love—O Death!
I cannot come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said—
"I'm ready now to die!"

THE EMERALD RING.

It is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their vow or no:
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
Take back again your emerald gem,
There is no color in the stone;
It might have graced a diadem,
But now its hue and light are gone!
Take back your gift, and give me mine—
The kiss that sealed our last love-vow;
Ah, other lips have been on thine,——
My kiss is lost and sullied now!
The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
And, more than either, you are changed;
But *my* true love has altered not,
My heart is broken—not estranged!

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

She put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head;
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And everything was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo! her child
Stood by her weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was white,
He said,—"I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet,
O, mother, do not weep!"

O, love is strong!—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears;
O, love is strong! and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

"Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more!"
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of Heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

SARAH ELLIS.

THE PILGRIM'S REST.

Pilgrim, why thy course prolong?
Here are birds of ceaseless song,
Here are flowers of fadeless bloom,
Here are woods of deepest gloom,
Cooling waters for thy feet:
Pilgrim, rest; repose is sweet.

Tempt me not with thoughts of rest.
Woods in richest verdure dressed,
Scented flowers and murmuring streams,
Lull the soul to fruitless dreams.
I would seek some holy fane,
Pure and free from earthly stain.

Based upon the eternal rock,
Braving time and tempest's shock;
Seest thou not yon temple gray?
There thy weary steps may stay,
There thy lowly knees may bend,
There thy fervent tears descend.

Has that temple stood the storm?
Could no touch of time deform?
Was the altar there so pure,
That its worship must endure?
Whence those noble ruins then?
Why the wondering gaze of men?

No. The Sibyl's power is gone.
Hushed is each mysterious tone.
Closed the eye, whose upward gaze
Read the length of human days;
Blindly darkened to her own,
Shrine and goddess both are gone.

Onward then, my feet must roam;
Not for me the marble dome,

Not the sculptured column high,
Pointing to yon azure sky.
Let the heathen worship there,
Not for me that place of prayer.

Pilgrim, enter. Awe profound
Waits thee on this hallowed ground.
Here no mouldering columns fall,
Here no ruin marks the wall:
Marble pure, and gilding gay,
Woo thy sight, and win thy stay.

Here the priest, in sacred stole,
Welcomes every weary soul.
Here what suppliant knees are bending!
Here what holy incense lending
Perfume to the ambient air!
Ecstacy to praise and prayer!

Pilgrim, pause, and view this pile.
Leave not yet the vaulted aisle.
See what sculptured forms are here!
See what gorgeous groups appear!
Tints that glow, and shapes that live,
All that art or power can give!

Hark, the solemn organ sounds!
How each echoing note rebounds!
Now along the arches high,
Far away it seems to die.

Now it thunders, deep and low,
Surely thou mayst worship now.

Tempt me not. The scene is fair,
Music floats upon the air,
Clouds of perfume round me roll;
Thoughts of rapture fill my soul.
Tempt me not, I must away,
Here I may not—dare not stay.

Here amazed—entranced I stand,
Human power on every hand
Charms my senses—meets my gaze,
Wraps me in a wildering maze.
But the place of prayer for me,
Purer still than this must be.

From the light of southern skies,
Where the stately columns rise—
Wanderer from the valleys green,
Wherefore seek this wintry scene?
Here no stranger steps may stay,
Turn thee, pilgrim—haste away.

Here, what horrors meet thy sight!
Mountain-wastes, of trackless height;
Where the eternal snows are sleeping,
Where the wolf his watch is keeping,

While in sunless depths below,
See the abodes of want and woe!

Here what comfort for thy soul!
Storm and tempest o'er thee roll,
Spectral forms around thee rise,
In thy pathway famine lies;
All is darkness, doubt, and fear,
Man is scarce thy brother here.

Tempter—cease. Thy words are vain.
'Tis no dream of worldly gain,
'Tis no hope in luxury dressed,
'Tis no thought of earthly rest,
Earthly comfort, or repose,
Lures me to these Alpine snows.

I would seek, amid this wild,
Fervent faith's devoted child.
Holy light is on his brow,
From his lips are words that glow,
In his bosom depths of love,
Filled from heaven's pure fount above.

I would follow, where his feet
Mountain-rocks and dangers meet.
I would join his simple band,
Linked together, heart and hand;

There I fain would bend my knee ;
'Tis the place of prayer for me !

LOVE'S EARLY DREAM.

Love's early dream has music
In the tale it loves to tell ;
Love's early dream has roses
Where it delights to dwell ;

It has beauty in its landscape,
And verdure in its trees,
Unshadowed by a passing cloud,
Unruffled by a breeze.

Love's early dream has moonlight
Upon its crystal lake,
Where stormy tempest never blows
Nor angry billows break ;
It has splendor in its sunshine,
And freshness in its dew,
And all its scenes of happiness
Are beautiful, and—*true ?*

Love's early dream has kindness
In every look and tone ;
Love's early dream has tenderness
For one, and one alone.
It has melody of language,
And harmony of thought,
And knows no sound of dissonance
By ruder science taught.

Oh ! early dream of happiness,
Where is thy waking bliss ?
What brings thy golden promises
To such a world as this ?
Perchance thou art some shadow
Of that which is to come—
The fluttering of an angel's wings,
To lead the wanderer home.

MRS. ABDY.

THE CHILD IN A GARDEN.

Child of the flaxen locks, and laughing eye,
  Culling with hasty glee the flowerets gay,
Or chasing with light foot the butterfly,
  I love to mark thee at thy frolic play.

Near thee I see thy tender father stand,
  His anxious eye pursues thy roving track;
And oft with warning voice and beckoning hand,
  He checks thy speed, and gently draws thee back.

Why dost thou meekly yield to his decree?
  Fair boy, his fond regard to thee is known;
He does not check thy joys from tyranny—
  Thou art his loved, his cherished, and his own.

When worldly lures, in manhood's coming hours,
  Tempt thee to wander from discretion's way;
Oh! grasp not eagerly the offered flowers,
  Pause if thy *Heavenly* Father bid thee stay.

Pause, and in Him revere a friend and guide,
Who does not willingly thy faults reprove,
But ever, when thou rovest from his side,
Watches to win thee back with pitying love.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

Yes, she has left us. She, whose gifted lays
So nobly earned a nation's love and praise,
Entranced the high and lofty ones of earth,—
And shed a radiance o'er the peasant's hearth,

She from the world is taken. Her sweet lute
Hangs on the willow desolate and mute;
And while we half unconsciously repeat
Strains we have learned as household words to greet,
How mournful is the thought, that she can pour
Songs of such touching melody no more!

Oh! what a range of mind was hers, how bright
Her pages seemed with Inspiration's light;
And yet, though skilled to dazzle and o'erwhelm,
Queen of Imagination's fairy realm,
Her highest excellence appeared to be
In the calm region of reality.
In Nature's wondrous workings lay her art,
From that exhaustless mine, the human heart,
She brought her gems. 'Twas hers, with gentle skill,
The slumbering feelings to arouse and thrill;
With colors not more beautiful than true
The modest virtues of her sex she drew.
"Records of Woman." At that name arise
Fair shapes of truth and goodness to our eyes:
Not the gay phantoms seen in Fancy's trance,
Not the bright paragons of old romance,
Nor yet the wonders of a later age,
The heroines of Reason's formal page,
Full of cold, calculating, worldly sense,
And self-elate in moral excellence!
No—at Religion's pure and sacred flame
Her torch she kindled—'twas her wish and aim
That in her female portraits we should see
The blest effects of humble piety.

Proving that, in this world of sin and strife,
None could fulfil the charities of life,
Or bear its trials, save the path they trod
Were hallowed by the guiding grace of God.

And well her spirit in her life was shown.
No character more lovely than her own
Fell from her gifted pen—though numbers breathed
Her name, though laurel bands her brow enwreathed,
She sought not in the world's vain scenes to roam,
Her duties were her joys, her sphere her home:
And Memory still a pensive pleasure blends
With the affliction of her weeping friends,
When they recall the meek calm lowliness
With which she bore the blaze of her success:
But trials soon as well as triumphs came,
Sickness subdued her weak and languid frame,
Then was she patient, tranquil, and resigned,
Religion soothed and fortified her mind;
She knew that for the blessed Saviour's sake,
In whom she trusted, she should sleep to wake
In glory, and she yielded up her breath,
Feeling she won eternity by death.
Oh! may her holy principles impress
The soul of each surviving poetess;
No trivial charge is to her care consigned,
Who gives to public view her stores of mind;
Even though her sum of treasures may be small,
Good can be worked, if Heaven permit, by all:
She who a single talent holds in store,
By patient zeal may make that little more;

And though but few, alas! can boast the powers
Of her now lost, the gift may still be ours
Humbly to imitate her better part;
And strive to elevate each reader's heart
To themes of purer and of holier birth
Than the low pleasures and vain pomps of earth.
Never may Woman's lays their service lend
Vice to encourage, soften, or defend,
Nor may we in our own conceit be wise,
Weaving frail webs of mere moralities:
No, may we ever on His grace reflect,
To whom we owe our cherished intellect,
Deem that such powers in trust to us were given
To serve and glorify our Lord in heaven,
And place, amid the highest joys of fame,
Our best distinction in a Christian's name.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

The mystic science is not mine
That Eastern records teach;
I cannot to each bud assign
A sentiment and speech;
Yet, when in yonder blossomed dell
I pass my lonely hours,
Methinks my heart interprets well
The eloquence of flowers.

Of life's first thoughtless years they tell,
When half my joy and grief
Dwelt in a lily's opening bell,
A rose-bud's drooping leaf—
I watched for them the sun's bright rays,
And feared the driving showers,
Types of my girlhood's radiant days
Were ye, sweet transient flowers.

And sadder scenes ye bring to mind,
The moments ye renew
When first the woodbine's wreaths I twined,
A loved one's grave to strew;
On the cold turf I weeping spread
My offering from the bowers,
Ye seemed meet tribute to the dead,
Pale, perishable flowers.

Yet speak ye not alone, fair band,
Of changefulness and gloom,
Ye tell me of God's gracious hand,
That clothes you thus in bloom,
And sends to soften and to calm
A sinful world like ours,
Gifts of such purity and balm
As ye, fresh dewy flowers.

And while your smiling ranks I view,
In vivid colors dressed,
My heart, with faith confirmed and true,
Learns on the Lord to rest:

If He the lilies of the field
With lavish glory dowers,
Will He not greater bounties yield
To me, than to the flowers?

Still, still they speak—around my track
Some faded blossoms lie,
Another spring shall bring them back,
Yet bring them, but to die:
But we forsake this world of strife,
To rise to nobler powers,
And share those gifts of endless life,
Withheld from earth's frail flowers.

O may I bear your lessons hence,
Fair children of the sod,
Yours is the calm mute eloquence,
That leads the thoughts to God:
And oft amid the great and wise,
My heart shall seek these bowers,
And turn from man's proud colloquies,
To commune with the flowers.

SARA COLERIDGE.

FALSE LOVE.

False Love, too long thou hast delayed,
Too late I make my choice;
Yet win for me that precious maid,
And bid my heart rejoice—
Then shall mine eyes shoot youthful fire,
My cheek with triumph glow,
And other maids that glance desire
Which I on one bestow.

Make her with smile divinely bland
Beam sunshine o'er my face,
And Time shall touch with gentlest hand
What she hath deigned to grace;
O'er scanty locks full wreaths I'll wear,
No wrinkled brow to shade,
Her joy will smooth the furrows there
Which earlier griefs have made.

Though sports of youth be tedious toil
When youth has passed away,
I'll cast aside the martial spoil
With her light locks to play:

Yea, turn, sweet maid, from tented fields
To rove where dewdrops shine,
Nor care what hand the sceptre wields,
So thou wilt grant me thine!

SONG.

Many a fountain cool and shady
May the traveller's eye invite;
One among them all, sweet Lady,
Seems to flow for his delight;
In many a tree the wilding bee
Might safely hide her honeyed store;
One hive alone the bee will own,
She may not trust her sweets to more.

Say'st thou, "Can that maid be fairer?
Shows her lip a livelier dye?
Hath she treasures richer, rarer?
Can she better love than I?"—
What formed the spell I ne'er could tell,
But subtle must its working be,
Since, from the hour I felt its power,
No fairer face I wish to see.
Light-winged Zephyr, ere he settles
On the loveliest flower that blows,

Never stays to count thy petals,
  Dear, delicious, fragrant Rose!
Her features bright elude my sight,
  I know not how her tresses lie;
In fancy's maze my spirit plays,
  When she with all her charms is nigh.

ELIZA COOK.

WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY FIVE

WASHINGTON.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of
thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest
far:
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won.
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on—
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief:
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my native earth!—
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth!
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"

But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song
to tell.
Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly on:
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington!

THE QUIET EYE.

The orb I like is not the one
That dazzles with its lightning gleam,
That dares to look upon the sun
As though it challenged brighter beam.

That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll;
Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;
But not for me: I prize the soul
That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade
That tells of calm unworldly thought;
Hope may be crowned, or joy delayed—
No dimness steals, no ray is caught:
Its pensive language seems to say,
"I know that I must close and die;"
And death itself, come when it may,
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

There's meaning in its steady glance,
Of gentle blame or praising love,
That makes me tremble to advance
A word that meaning might reprove.
The haughty threat, the fiery look,
My spirit proudly can defy;
But never yet could meet and brook
The upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,
That augurs of a breast sincere:
And, oh! take watch how ye excite
That firmness till it yield a tear.
Some bosoms give an easy sigh,
Some drops of grief will freely start;
But that which sears the quiet eye
Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

Whom do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the fool, the brute—
If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her* nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;

She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain and heart?
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom.
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters blessings round.
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by nature's gentleman, the good, the just, the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's offsprings dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell.
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.
The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;

His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling strife.
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue!
He's social with the gray-haired one and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic game,
And shines as nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech.
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith nor have one martyr bleed;
Justice and mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems
there are,
Each shining in his hallowed sphere as virtue's polar star.
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt,
and dark,
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn; lit by Promethean
spark,
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride.
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse
tide,—
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can dis-
grace,
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give
place.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

There's a star in the west that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For Liberty burst in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast!
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the west!

"War, war to the knife! be enthralled or ye die!"
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,
Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread:
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored;
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure; and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
Among Britons have nobly confessed
That his was the glory and ours was the blood
Of the deeply stained field of the West.

OLD STORY BOOKS.

Old story books! old story books! we owe ye much, old friends,
Bright-colored threads in Memory's warp, of which Death holds the ends.
Who can forget ye?—who can spurn the ministers of joy
That waited on the lisping girl and petticoated boy?
I know that ye could *win* my heart when every bribe or threat
Failed to allay my stamping rage, or break my sullen pet:
A "promised story" was enough—I turned with eager smile,
To learn about the naughty "pig that would not mount the stile."

There was a spot in days of yore whereon I used to stand,
With mighty question in my head and penny in my hand:
Where motley sweets and crinkled cakes made up a goodly show,
And "story books" upon a string, appeared in brilliant row.
What should I have? the peppermint was incense in my nose,
But I had heard of "Hero Jack" who slew his giant foes:
My lonely coin was balanced long before the tempting stall,
'Twixt book and bull's eye, but, forsooth! "Jack" got it after all.

Talk of your "vellum, gold embossed," "morocco," "roan,"
and "calf,"
The blue and yellow wraps of old were prettier by half:
And as to pictures! well we know that never one was
made
Like that where "Bluebeard" swings aloft his wife-destroy-
ing blade.
"Hume's England!"—pshaw! what history of battles,
states, and men,
Can vie with Memoirs "all about sweet little Jenny
Wren?"
And what are all the wonders that e'er struck a nation
dumb,
To those recorded as performed by "Master Thomas
Thumb?"

"Miss Riding Hood," poor luckless child! my heart grew
big with dread,
When the grim "wolf," in grandmamma's best bonnet,
showed his head;
I shuddered when, in innocence, she meekly peeped
beneath,
And made remarks about "great eyes," and wondered at
"great teeth."
And then the "House that Jack built," and the "Bean-
stalk Jack cut down,"
And "Jack's eleven brothers," on their travels of renown;
And "Jack," whose cracked and plastered head insured
him lyric fame,
These, these, methinks make "vulgar Jack" a rather classic
name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well; but, better still the bear
That hugged his brother in her arms with tenderness and care.
I lingered spell-bound o'er the page, though eventide wore late,
And left my supper all untouched to fathom "Orson's" fate.
Then "Robin with his merry men," a noble band were they,
We'll never see the like again, go hunting where we may.
In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt Fancy bore me on,
Through Sherwood's dewy forest-paths, close after "Little John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe" kept long their reigning powers,
Till harder words and longer themes beguiled my flying hours;
And "Sinbad," wondrous sailor he, allured me on his track,
And set me shouting when he flung the old man from his back.
And oh! that tale—the matchless tale, that made me dream at night
Of "Crusoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and "Friday's" death-spurred flight;
Nay, still I read it, and again, in sleeping visions, see
The savage dancers on the sand—the raft upon the sea.

Old story books! old story books! I doubt if "Reason's
Feast"
Provides a dish that pleases more than "Beauty and the
Beast;"
I doubt if all the Ledger-leaves that bear a sterling sum,
Yield happiness like those that told of "Master Horner's
plum."
Old story books! old story books! I never pass ye by
Without a sort of furtive glance—right loving, though 'tis
sly;
And fair suspicion may arise—that yet my spirit grieves
For dear "Old Mother Hubbard's Dog" and "Ali Baba's
Thieves."

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

A VISION OF THE VATICAN.

In the great palace halls, where dwell the gods,
I heard a voice filling the vaulted roof;
The heart that uttered it seemed sorrow proof,
And, clarion-like, it might have made the clods

Of the dead valley start to sudden life,
With such a vigor and a joy 'twas rife.
And, coming towards me, lo! a woman past,
Her face was shining as the morning bright,
And her feet fell in steps so strong and light,
I scarce could tell if she trode slow or fast:
She seemed instinct with beauty and with power,
And what she sang, dwells with me to this hour.

"Transfigured from the gods' abode I come,
I have been tarrying in their awful home;
Stand from my path, and give me passage free,
For yet I breathe of their divinity.
Zeus have I knelt to, solemn and serene,
And stately Herè, heaven's transcendent queen;
Phœbus' light is on my brow, and fleet,
As silver-sandalled Artemis', my feet;
Graciously smiling, heavenly Aphrodite
Hath filled my senses with a vague delight;
And Pallas, steadfastly beholding me,
Hath sent me forth in wisdom to be free."

When at the portal, smiling she did turn,
And, looking back through the vast halls profound,
Re-ëchoing with her song's triumphant sound,
She bowed her head and said—"I shall return!"
Then raised her face, all radiant with delight,
And vanished, like a vision from my sight.

NOONDAY BY THE SEASIDE.

The sea has left the strand—
In their deep sapphire cup
The waves lie gathered up,
Off the hard-ribbed sand.

From each dark rocky brim,
The full wine-tinted billows ebbed away,
Leave on the golden rim
Of their huge bowl, not one thin line of spray.

Above the short-grassed downs all broidered over
With scarlet pimpernel, and silver clover,
Like spicy incense quivers the warm air,
With piercing fervid heat,
The noonday sunbeams beat,
On the red granite sea-slabs, broad and bare.

And prone along the shore,
Basking in the fierce glare,
Lie sun-bronzed Titans, covered o'er
With shaggy, sea-weed hair.

Come in, under this vault of brownest shade,
By sea-worn arches made,

Where all the air, with a rich topaz light,
Is darkly bright.
'Neath these rock-folded canopies,
Shadowy and cool,
The crystal water lies
In many a glassy pool,
Whose green-veined sides, as they receive the light,
Gleam like pale wells of precious malachite.

In the warm shallow water dip thy feet,
Gleaming like rose-hued pearls below the wave,
And lying in this hollow, sea-smoothed seat,
Gaze on the far-off white-sailed fisher fleet,
Framed in the twilight portal of our cave;
While I lie here, and gaze on thee
Fairer art thou to me
Than Aphrodite, when the breathless deep
Wafted her smiling in her rosy sleep,
Towards the green-myrtled shore, that in delight
With starry fragrance, suddenly grew white,
Or than the shuddering girl,
Whose wide-distended eyes,
Glassy, with dread surprise,
Saw the huge billow curl,
Foaming and bristling, with its grisly freight;
While, twinkling from afar,
With iris-feathered heels, and falchion bright,
From the blue cope of heaven's dazzling height,
Her lover swooped, a flashing noontide star.

A midday dream hath lighted on thy brow,
And gently bends it down; thy fair eyes swim,
In liquid languor, lustreless and dim,
And slowly dropping now,
From the light loosened clasp of thy warm hand,
Making a ruddy shadow on the sand,
Falls a wine-perfumed rose, with crimson glow.

Sleep, my beloved! while the sultry spell
Of silent noon o'er sea and earth doth dwell:
Stoop thy fair graceful head upon my breast,
With its thick rolls of golden hair oppress,
My lily!—and my breathing shall not sob
With one tumultuous sigh—nor my heart throb
With one irregular bound—that I may keep
With tenderest watch, the treasure of thy sleep.
Droop gently down, in slumb'rous, slow eclipse,
Fair fringèd lids! beneath my sealing lips.

TO SHAKSPEARE.

Oft, when my lips I open to rehearse
Thy wondrous spells of wisdom, and of power,
And that my voice, and thy immortal verse,
On listening ears, and hearts, I mingled pour,

I shrink dismayed—and awful doth appear
  The vain presumption of my own weak deed;
Thy glorious spirit seems to mine so near,
  That suddenly I tremble as I read—
Thee an invisible auditor I fear:
Oh, if it might be so, my master dear!
  With what beseeching would I pray to thee,
To make me equal to my noble task,
Succor from thee, how humbly would I ask,
  Thy worthiest works to utter worthily.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

O MAIDEN! heir of kings!
A king has left his place;
The majesty of Death has swept
All other from his face!

And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown,
But take the Glory for the Rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best!
She heard and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls;
They reined her hundred steeds;
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town,
And mourners God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown!

She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while her heralds played their part,
Those million shouts to drown—
"God save the Queen," from hill to mart,
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see
That tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties!
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept—
Yea! wept, to wear its crown!

God bless thee! weeping Queen!
With blessing more divine!
And fill with happier love than earth's,
That tender heart of thine!
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,—
A piercèd hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see!
Thou wilt *not* weep
To wear that heavenly crown!

HEAVEN'S SUNRISE TO EARTH'S BLINDNESS.

It is the hour for souls;
That bodies, leavened by the will and love,
Be lightened to redemption. The world's old;
But the old world waits the hour to be renewed:
Toward which, new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken, and increase to multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men,—
Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new œconomies, new laws

Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new.

My Romney!—Lifting up my hand in his,
As wheeled by Seeing spirits toward the east,
He turned instinctively,—where, faint and fair,
Along the tingling desert of the sky,
Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
The first foundations of that new, near Day
Which should be builded out of heaven, to God.
He stood a moment with erected brows,
In silence, as a creature might, who gazed:
Stood calm, and fed his blind, majestic eyes
Upon the thought of perfect noon. And when
I saw his soul saw,—"Jasper first," I said,
"And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
The rest in order, . . last, an amethyst."

A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

She has laughed as softly as if she sighed!
She has counted six and over,
Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
Oh, each a worthy lover!
They "give her time;" for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving:
She will lie to none with her fair red lip—
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
  As her thoughts were beyond recalling;
With a glance for *one*, and a glance for *some*,
  From her eyelids rising and falling.
—Speaks common words with a blushful air;
  —Hears bold words, unreproving:
But her silence says—what she never will swear—
  And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady! lean to the night-guitar,
  And drop a smile to the bringer;
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
  At the voice of an in-door singer!
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
  Glance lightly, on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries—
  But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
  No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
  That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
  That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear —"For life, for death!"—
  Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
  On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
  With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;

Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can *die* when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing,—
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
In its frank surrender;
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest granting!
Taking color from the skies
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall
Snow-like at first meeting:
Love me with thine heart, that all
The neighbors then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out
Freely—open-minded:
Love me with thy loitering foot,—
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
Sudden faint above me;
Love me with thy blush that burns
When I murmur "Love me!"

Love me with thy thinking soul—
Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs
When the world has crowned thee!
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,
Up the woodlands shady:
Love me gaily, fast, and true,
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,—
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love no fable,
I will love *thee*—half-a-year—
As a man is able.

HECTOR IN THE GARDEN.

NINE years old! The first of any
Seem the happiest years that come:
Yet when *I* was nine, I said
No such word!—I thought instead
That the Greeks had used as many
In besieging Ilium.

Nine green years had scarcely brought me
To my childhood's haunted spring:
I had life, like flowers and bees
In betwixt the country trees;
And the sun the pleasure taught me
Which he teacheth everything.

If the rain fell, there was sorrow;
Little head leant on the pane,
Little finger drawing down it
The long trailing drops upon it,
And the "Rain, rain, come to-morrow,"
Said for charm against the rain.

Such a charm was right Canidian,
Though you meet it with a jeer!
If I said it long enough,
Then the rain hummed dimly off,
And the thrush with his pure Lydian
Was left only to the ear:

And the sun and I together
Went a-rushing out of doors:
We, our tender spirits, drew
Over hill and dale in view,
Glimmering hither, glimmering thither,
In the footsteps of the showers.

Underneath the chestnuts dripping,
Through the grasses wet and fair,
Straight I sought my garden-ground,
With the laurel on the mound,
And the pear-tree oversweeping
A side-shadow of green air.

In the garden lay supinely
A huge giant wrought of spade!
Arms and legs were stretched at length
In a passive giant strength,—
And the meadow turf, cut finely,
Round them laid and interlaid.

Call him Hector, son of Priam!
Such his title and degree.

With my rake I smoothed his brow;
Both his cheeks I weeded through:
But a rhymer such as I am,
Scarce can sing his dignity.

Eyes of gentianellas azure,
Staring, winking at the skies;
Nose of gillyflowers and box;
Scented grasses put for locks—
Which a little breeze, at pleasure,
Set a-waving round his eyes.

Brazen helm of daffodillies,
With a glitter toward the light;
Purple violets for the mouth,
Breathing perfumes west and south;
And a sword of flashing lilies,
Holden ready for the fight.

And a breastplate made of daisies,
Closely fitting, leaf by leaf;
Periwinkles interlaced,
Drawn for belt about the waist;
While the brown bees, humming praises,
Shot their arrows round the chief.

And who knows (I sometimes wondered),
If the disembodied soul
Of old Hector, once of Troy,
Might not take a dreary joy

Here to enter—if it thundered,
Rolling up the thunder-roll?

Rolling this way from Troy-ruin,
In this body rude and rife
He might enter, and take rest
'Neath the daisies of the breast—
They, with tender roots, renewing
His heroic heart to life.

Who could know? I sometimes started
At a motion or a sound!
Did his mouth speak—naming Troy,
With an *οτοτοτοτοι*?
Did the pulse of the Strong-hearted
Make the daisies tremble round?

It was hard to answer, often:
But the birds sang in the tree—
But the little birds sang bold
In the pear-tree green and old;
And my terror seemed to soften
Through the courage of their glee.

Oh, the birds, the tree, the ruddy
And white blossoms, sleek with rain!
Oh, my garden, rich with pansies!
Oh, my childhood's bright romances!
All revive, like Hector's body,
And I see them stir again!

And despite life's changes—chances,
And despite the deathbell's toll,
They press on me in full seeming!
Help, some angel! stay this dreaming!
As the birds sang in the branches,
Sing God's patience through my soul!

That no dreamer, no neglecter
Of the present's work unsped,
I may wake up and be doing,
Life's heroic ends pursuing,
Though my past is dead as Hector,
And though Hector is twice dead.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

PALM SUNDAY.

HOSANNA to the Son of David! Raise
Triumphal arches to His praise,
For him prepare a throne
Who comes at last to Zion—to His own!

Strew palms around, make plain and straight the way,
For Him who His triumphal entry holds to-day!

Hosanna! Welcome above all Thou art!
Make ready each to lay his heart
Low down before His feet!
Come, let us hasten forth our Lord to meet,
And bid Him enter in at Zion's gates,
Where thousand-voiced welcome on His coming waits.

Hosanna! Prince of Peace and Lord of Might!
We hail Thee Conqueror in the fight.
All Thou with toil hast won,
Shall be our booty when the battle's done.
Thy right hand ever hath the rule and sway,
Thy kingdom standeth fast when all things else decay.

Hosanna! best-beloved and noble Guest!
Who made us by Thy high behest
Heirs of Thy realm with Thee.
O let us therefore never weary be
To stand and serve before Thy righteous throne,
We know no king but Thee, rule Thou o'er us alone!

Hosanna! Come, the time draws on apace,
We long Thy mercy to embrace;
This servant's form can ne'er
Conceal the majesty Thy acts declare:

Too well art Thou here in Thy Zion known,
Who art the Son of God, and yet art David's Son.

Hosanna! Lord, be Thou our help and friend,
Thy aid to us in mercy send,
That each may bring his soul
An offering unto Thee, unstained and whole.
Thou wilt have none for Thy disciples, Lord,
But who obey in truth, not only hear Thy word.

Hosanna! Let us in Thy footsteps tread,
Nor that sad Mount of Olives dread
Where we must weep and watch,
Until the far-off song of joy we catch
From Heaven our Bethphagè, where we shall sing
Hosanna in the highest to our God and King!

Hosanna! Let us sound it far and wide!
Enter Thou in and here abide,
Thou Blessed of the Lord!
Why standest Thou without, why roam'st abroad?
Hosanna! Make Thy home with us forever!
Thou comest, Lord! and nought us from Thy love shall sever.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Cometh sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief;
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He, whom this world dares not face,
Hath refreshed me with His grace,
And His mighty hand unbound
Chains of hell about me wound;
Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
Since His mercy, like a flood,
Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
Satan blinded me with lies;
Yet at last am I set free,
Help, protection, love, to me
Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
Ne'er with shame was turned away,
He who gave himself to God,
And on Him had cast his load.

Who in God his hope hath placed
Shall not life in pain outwaste,
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we asked is ours.

When my heart was vexed with care,
Filled with fears well-nigh despair;
When with watching many a night,
On me fell pale sickness' blight;
When my courage failed me fast,
Camest Thou, my God, at last,
And my woes were quickly past.

Now as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from Thee
Shine through all my memory.
To my God I yet will cling,
All my life the praises sing
That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on I'll take
Calmly, gladly for His sake,
No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave.
Whom the Strongest doth defend,
Whom the Highest counts His friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

EASTER EVEN.

Rest of the weary! Thou
Thyself art resting now,
Where lowly in Thy sepulchre Thou liest:
From out her deathly sleep
My soul doth start, to weep
So sad a wonder, that Thou Saviour diest!

Thy bitter anguish o'er,
To this dark tomb they bore
Thee, Life of life—Thee, Lord of all creation!
The hollow rocky cave
Must serve Thee for a grave,
Who wast Thyself the Rock of our Salvation!

O Prince of Life! I know
That when I too lie low,
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken;
Wherefore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink;
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.

To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room,
Where I may rest in peace from sorrow free.
Thy death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour,
O Death, O Grave, where is your victory?

The grave can nought destroy,
Only the flesh can die,
And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay:
Clothed by Thy wondrous might
In robes of dazzling light,
This flesh shall burst the grave at that last Day.

My Jesus, day by day,
Help me to watch and pray,
Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou'rt laid.
Thy bitter death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into Death's awful shade.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA.

Ho! City of the gay!
Paris!—what festal rite
Doth call thy thronging million forth,
All eager for the sight?

Thy soldiers line the streets
In fixed and stern array,
With buckled helm, and bayonet,
As on the battle-day.

By square and fountain side,
Heads in dense masses rise,
And tower, and tree, and battlement
Are studded thick with eyes.
Comes there some conqueror home
In triumph from the fight,
With spoil, and captives in his train,
The trophies of his might?

The "Arc de Triomphe" glows,
A martial host is nigh,
France pours in long succession forth
Her pomp of chivalry;
No clarion marks their way,
No victor-trump is blown,
Why march they on so silently,
Told by their tread alone?

Behold, in gorgeous show,
A gorgeous car of state!
The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,
Bow down beneath its weight,
And the noble war-horse led
Caparisoned along,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car?
The incense flameth high—
Comes there some demi-god of old?
No answer!—no reply!
Who rideth on yon car?
No shouts his minions raise,
But by a lofty chapel-dome
The muffled hero stays;—

A king is waiting there,
And with uncovered head
Receives him, in the name of France—
Receiveth whom?—*The dead!*
Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean-surge?
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he brake his rocky tomb
Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! hark! the requiem swells,
A deep, soul-thrilling strain,
A requiem never to be heard
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief
Whose fiat millions slew,
The soaring Eagle of the Alps,
The crushed at Waterloo;—

The banished who returned,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there, in state,
That warrior strong and bold,
The imperial crown with jewels bright
Upon his ashes cold;
While round those columns proud
The blazoned banners wave
That on a hundred fields he won
With the heart's-blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard
His veterans scarred and old,
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge,
And purple Leipsic told;
Yes, there, with arms reversed,
Slow pacing, night and day,
Close watch, beside that coffin kept
These warriors, grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow,—
Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or memory of the fearful strife
Where their country's legions bled?
Of Borodino's blood?
Of Beresina's wail?
The horrors of that dire retreat,
Which turned old History pale?

A cloud is on their brow,—
Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
By Russian tempests sped?
When countless mounds of snow
Marked the sad conscript's grave,
And pierced by frost and famine, sank
The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps
The gathered darkness mock,
And velvet drapes *his* hearse, who died
On bare Helena's rock;
And from the altar near
A never-dying hymn
Is lifted by the chanting priests
Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious one! and proud!
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain?
Oh! when the cry of that spectral host,
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them?
And what, thy God's to thee?

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

It stood among the chestnuts—its white spire
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart
Should oftener turn. Up went the wooded cliffs,
Abruptly beautiful, above its head,
Shutting with verdant screen the waters out,
That just beyond, in deep sequestered vale,
Wrought out their rocky passage. Clustering roofs

And varying sounds of village industry
Swelled from its margin.
But all around
The solitary dell, where meekly rose
That consecrated church, there was no voice
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,
And that unspoken lore with which the dead
Do commune with the living. And methought
How sweet it were, so near the sacred house
Where we had heard of Christ, and taken his yoke,
And sabbath after sabbath gathered strength
To do his will, thus to lie down and rest,
Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls;
And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up
Our simple tombstone witness to that faith
Which cannot die.
Heaven bless thee, lonely church,
And daily mayst thou warn a pilgrim-band
From toil, from cumbrance, and from strife to flee,
And drink the waters of eternal life:
Still in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,
Friend both of earth and heaven, devoutly stand
To guide the living and to guard the dead.

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

How beautiful it stands,
Behind its elm tree's screen,
With simple attic cornice crowned,
All graceful and serene!
Most sweet, yet sad, it is
Upon yon scene to gaze,
And list its inborn melody,
The voice of other days:

For there, as many a year
Its varied chart unrolled,
I hid me in those quiet shades,
And called the joys of old;
I called them, and they came
When vernal buds appeared,
Or where the vine-clad summer bower
Its temple roof upreared,

Or where the o'erarching grove
Spread forth its copses green,
While eyebright and asclepias reared
Their untrained stalks between;
And the squirrel from the boughs
His broken nuts let fall,

And the merry, merry little birds
Sing at his festival.

You old forsaken nests
Returning spring shall cheer,
And thence the unfledged robin breathe
His greeting wild and clear;
And from yon clustering vine,
That wreathes the casement round,
The humming-birds' unresting wing
Send forth a whirring sound;

And where alternate springs
The lilac's purple spire
Fast by its snowy sister's side;
Or where, with wing of fire,
The kingly oriole glancing went
Amid the foliage rare,
Shall many a group of children tread,
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
The mastery here shall keep,
What mother in yon nursery fair
Rock her young babes to sleep:
Yet blessings on the hallowed spot,
Though here no more I stray,
And blessings on the stranger babes
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you, too, my plants,
And every parent bird
That here, among the woven boughs,
Above its young hath stirred.
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou, too, of changeful mood,
I thank thee, sounding stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
Or woke my musing dream.
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due
To moss-cup and to clover leaf,
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
Old tenants of the spot,
The broad-leafed lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not;
To every daisy's dappled brow,
To every violet blue,
Thanks! thanks! may each returning year
Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father-God,
High praise, in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand hath given,
And what it takes away:

And to some other loving heart
May all this beauty be
The dear retreat, the Eden home,
That it hath been to me!

MARIA BROOKS.

THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

O, Moon of flowers! sweet moon of flowers!
Why dost thou mind me of the hours
Which flew so softly on that night,
When last I saw and felt thy light?

O, moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers!
Would thou couldst give me back those hours,
Since which a dull, cold year has fled,
Or show me those with whom they sped!

O, moon of flowers! O, moon of flowers!
In scenes afar were past those hours,
Which still with fond regret I see,
And wish my heart could change like thee!

TO NIAGARA.

Spirit of Homer! thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of Nature—this great fane of Nature's God—
Breathe on my strain!—oh, touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votaress kneeling on the sod!

Sublime and beautiful your chapels here!—
Here 'neath the azure dome of heaven ye 're wed—
Here, on this rock which trembles as I tread!
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear,
Controls life's source, and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but oh! beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or hearken to your maddening melody,
Sense—form—would spring to meet your white foam's kiss,
Be lapped in your soft rainbows once, and die.

Color, depth, height, extension—all unite
To chain the spirit, by a look intense.
The dolphin, in his clearest seas, or thence
Ta'en, for some queen, to deck of ivory white,
Dies not, in changeful tints, more delicately bright.

Look! look! there comes o'er yon pale green expanse,
Beyond the curtain of this altar vast,
A glad young swan. The smiling beams that cast
Light from her plumes, have lured her soft advance—
She nears the fatal brink—her graceful life is past!

Look up! nor her fond, foolish fate disdain;
An eagle rests upon the wind's sweet breath—
Feels he the charm? woos he the scene beneath?
He eyes the sun—moves his dark wing again—
Remembers clouds and storms—yet flies the lovely death.

"Niagara! wonder of this western world,
And half the world beside! hail, beauteous queen
Of cataracts!" an angel, who had been
O'er earth and heaven, spoke thus—his bright wings furled,
And knelt to Nature first on this wild cliff unseen.

SONG.

Day, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;

Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling!
Gifts and gold are nought to me;
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the highwrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if compressed
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee:
Now, I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

FAREWELL TO CUBA.

Adieu, fair isle! I love thy bowers,
I love thy dark-eyed daughters there,
The cool pomegranate's scarlet flowers
Look brighter in their jetty hair.

They praised my forehead's stainless white!
And when I thirsted, gave a draught
From the full clustering cocoa's height
And smiling, blessed me as I quaffed.

Well pleased, the kind return I gave,
And clasped in their embraces' twine,
Felt the soft breeze, like Lethe's wave,
Becalm this beating heart of mine.

Why will my heart so wildly beat?
Say, seraphs, is my lot too blessed,
That thus a fitful, feverish heat
Must rifle me of health and rest?

Alas! I fear my native snows—
A clime too cold, a heart too warm—
Alternate chills, alternate glows—
Too fiercely threat my flower-like form.

The orange tree has fruit and flowers;
The grenadilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.

When the white coffee blossoms swell,
The fair moon full, the evening long,
I love to hear the warbling bell,
And sunburnt peasant's wayward song.

Drive gently on, dark muleteer,
And the light seguidilla frame;
Fain would I listen still, to hear
At every close thy mistress' name.

Adieu, fair isle! the waving palm
Is pencilled on thy fairest sky;
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,
And, soothed to languor, scarce a sigh

Escapes for those I love so well,
For those I've loved and left so long;
On me their fondest musings dwell,
To them alone my sighs belong.

On, on, my bark! blow, southern breeze;
No longer would I lingering stay;
'Twere better far to die with these
Than live in pleasure far away.

E. Oakes Smith

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

A MARINER sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale,
As it floundered in the sea:

The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave as it towered, then fell in spray,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner swayed and rocked on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well:
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell,—
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lashed as they passed the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurbed steed along;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant prow the water ploughs,
But the ship is fleet and strong;
The topsail is reefed, and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holdeth by the shroud;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.

Was that a face, looking up at him,
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner looked, and he saw, with dread,
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the wave was spread,—
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groaned, as well he need—
Forever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past;
A voice calls loud for thee:
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last;
The plunging ship on her beams is cast,—
O, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths that were lightly spoken;
Bethink thee of vows that were lightly broken;
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
For thou art alone on the raging sea:

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone;
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle, and feel there is none to save!
God shield thee, helpless one!

The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks,—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hushed to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell its music keep;
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
The mother and child are there:
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
The babe, with its silken hair:
As the water moveth, they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play:
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Our life is onward—and our very dust
  Is longing for its change, that it may take
  New combinations; that the seed may break
From its dark thraldom, where it lies in trust
Of its great resurrection. Not the rust
  Of cold inertness shall defeat the life
  Of e'en the poorest weed, which after strife
Shall spring from our dead ashes; and which must
Bless some else barren waste with its meek grace.
And germs of beautiful vast thought, concealed

Lie deep within the soul, which evermore
Onward and upward strive. The last in place
Enfolds the higher yet to be revealed,
And each the sepulchre of that which went before.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

We pass along with careless tread,
Where vine and buds are springing;
We smile, for all above our head
Are light and gladness ringing,
Unconscious that beneath our feet,
The lava flood is leaping,
That in the pleasant summer heat,
The lightning flash is sleeping:

And human eyes each other meet,
With meanings sealed forever,
And loving lips each other greet,
Their tale reveal, ah! never—
And smiles, cold beaming smiles go round,
The breaking heart concealing,
And temples are with garlands crowned,
Nor they their throbs revealing.

I too, for seeming must be mine,
With careless words shall greet thee,
Although the slightest tone of thine,
Like music will entreat me—
And I shall coldly meet thine hand,
'Tis thus the world is going,
Like mocking effigies we stand,
No one his neighbor knowing.

Ah! better thus than each should know
His brother's heartfelt grieving;
For who could bide the sight of woe,
Which bears of no relieving?
And who could list the mournful tone,
From every heart upswelling,
Where hopes are dying one by one,
And hear their death-dirge knelling?

Oh! should a sickness of the heart,
A weariness come o'er thee,
Would that these lines might peace impart,
Might unto joy restore thee.
And thou, with dreamy, half-closed eyes,
Wouldst o'er the missive ponder,
While floating faintly should arise
A form of light and wonder.

Oh, then, bethink that there is one,
Though none the secret readeth,

Whose soul forever and alone,
For thee in secret pleadeth ;
Who trembles when thy name is heard,
Yet meekly would be dreaming,
That had we dared to breathe one word,
Thy coldness had been seeming.

SARAH HALL.

SKETCH OF A LANDSCAPE.

What joyous notes are those, so soft, so sweet,
That, unexpected, strike my charmèd ear?
They are the Robin's song! This genial morn
Deceives the feathered tribe: for yet the sun

In Pisces holds his course ; nor yet has Spring
Advanced one legal claim ; but though oblique,
So mild, so warm, descend his cheering rays,
Imprisoning Winter seems subdued. No dread
Of change retards their wing ; but off they soar,
Triumphing in the fancied dawn of Spring.

Adventurous birds, and rash ! ye little think,
Though lilacs bud, and early willows burst,
How soon the blasts of March—the snowy sleets,
May turn your hasty flight, to seek again
Your wonted warm abodes. Thus prone is youth,
Thus easily allured, to put his trust
In fair appearance ; and with hope elate,
And nought suspecting, thus he sallies forth,
To earn experience in the storms of life !

But why thus chide—why not with gratitude
Receive and cherish every gleam of joy ?
For many an hour can witness, that not oft
My solitude is cheered by feeling such,
So blithe—so pleasurable as thy song,
Sweet Robin ! gives. Yet on thy graceful banks,
Majestic Susquehanna—joy might dwell !
For whether bounteous Summer sport her stores,
Or niggard Winter bind them—still the forms
Most grand, most elegant, that Nature wears
Beneath Columbia's skies, are here combined.

The wide extended landscape glows with more
Than common beauty. Hills rise on hills—
An amphitheatre, whose lofty top
The spreading oak, or stately poplar, crowns—
Whose ever-varying sides present such scenes—
Smooth or precipitous—harmonious still—

Mild or sublime,—as wake the poet's lay ;
Nor aught is wanting to delight the sense ;
The gifts of Ceres, or Diana's shades.
The eye enraptured roves o'er woods and dells,
Or dwells complacent on the numerous signs
Of cultivated life. The laborer's decent cot
Marks the clear spring, or speaks the bubbling rill.
The lowlier hut hard by the river's edge,
The boat, the seine suspended, tell the place
Where in the season hardy fishers toil.
More elevated on the grassy slope,
The farmer's mansion rises mid his trees ;
Thence, o'er his fields the master's watchful eye
Surveys the whole. He sees his flocks, his herds
Excluded from the grain-built cone ; all else,
While rigid Winter reigns, their free domain !
Range through the pastures, crop the tender root,
Or, climbing heights abrupt, search careful out
The welcome herb,—now prematurely sprung
Through half-thawed earth. Beside him spreading elms,
His friendly barrier from the invading north,
Contrast their shields defensive with the willow,
Whose flexile drapery sweeps his rustic lawn.
Before him lie his vegetable stores,
His garden, orchards, meadows—all his hopes—
Now bound in icy chains : but ripening suns
Shall bring their treasures to his plenteous board.
Soon, too, the hum of busy man shall wake
The adjacent shores. The baited hook, the net,
Drawn skilful round the watery cove, shall bring
Their prize delicious to the rural feast.

Here blooms the laurel on the rugged breaks,
Umbrageous, verdant, through the circling year,
His bushy mantle scorning winds or snows—
While there—two ample streams confluent grace—
Complete the picture—animate the whole!
Broad o'er the plain the Susquehanna rolls,
His rapid waves far sounding as he comes.
Through many a distant clime and verdant vale
A thousand springy caverns yield their rills,
Augmenting still his force. The torrent grows,
Spreads deep and wide, till, braving all restraint,
Even mountain ridges feel the imperious press;
Forced from their ancient rock-bound base—they leave
Their monumental sides, erect, to guard
The pass—and tell to future days and years
The wondrous tale!
Meanwhile, the conqueror-flood holds on his course,
Resistless ever—sinuous, or direct.
Unconscious tribes beneath his surface play,
Nor heed the laden barques his surface bears;
Now gliding swiftly by the threatening rocks,
Now swimming smoothly to the distant bay.
To meet and bring his liberal tribute too,
The modest Octorara winds his way—
Not ostentatious, like a boasting world,
Their little charities proclaiming loud—
But silent through the glade retired and wild,
Between the shaded banks on either hand,
Till circling yonder mead—he yields his name.
Nor proudly, Susquehanna! boast thy gain,
For thence not far, thou too, like him, shalt give

Thy congregated waters, title—all,
To swell the nobler name of Chesapeake!
And is not such a scene as this the spell
That lulls the restless passions into peace?
Yes. Cold must be the sordid heart, unmoved
By Nature's bounties: but they cannot fill
That ardent craving in the mind of man
For *social intercourse*,—the healthful play—
The moral gem—the light of intellect—
And the communion sweet with those we love!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The Wind and the Snow, the Hail and the Rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon, were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

THE YOUNG SETTING MOON.

The fair young moon, in a silver bow,
Looks back from the bending west,
Like a weary soul that is glad to go
To the long-sought place of rest.

Her crescent lies in a beaming crown,
On the distant hill's dark head,
Serene as the righteous looking down
On the world, from his dying bed.

Her rays, to our view, grow few and faint,
Her light is at length withdrawn!
And she, like a calmly departing saint,
To her far-off home is gone!

O! what could have made the moon so bright,
Till her work for the earth was done?

'Twas the glory drawn from a greater light!
'Twas the face of the radiant sun!

For she on her absent king would look,
Which the world saw not, the while;
Her face from him all its beauty took,
And conveyed to the world his smile.

By him, through night, has the moon been led
'Mid the clouds that crossed the sky,
While she drew her beams o'er the earth to shed,
From the god where she fixed her eye.

And thus does Faith, 'mid her trials, view,
In the God to whom she clings,
A *Sun*, whose glories, forever new,
Unfold in his healing wings!

'Tis this that will guide our course aright,
Though grief overcloud the heart;
And it is but faith being lost in sight,
That is meant, when the good depart!

THE NUN.

Fair penitent, with rosary,
And cross, and veil, in gloomy cell,
What guilty deed was done by thee,
To cause thee here immured to dwell?

Come forward, and present thy cause;
That we may clearly judge, and know
If thou hast broken human laws,
To prison and afflict thee so!

Or is it some black shade of sin,
That haunts thy contrite soul with fears,
And so sequesters thee within
The place of fasting, gloom, and tears?

Art thou the guiltiest of thy race?—
Why, thou art human, it is true!
Which is alone enough for grace
To have renewing work to do.

But can devotion, warm and deep,
Thy duty's bound so snugly set,
That faith can plough, and sow, and reap,
By trials shunned, instead of met?

What ray of truth revealed could thus
Make of a tender, opening soul
A close, dark blue convolvulus,
And give its bloom this inward roll?

Dost thou the never-fading crown
Of life, and joy, intend to win,
By so supinely sitting down,
Where others but the race begin?

And dost thou think to gain the palm
By hiding from thy Saviour's foes?
Or hope in Gilead's sacred balm
For self-inflicted wounds and woes?

I never saw a nun before,
And therefore claim indulgence now,
If I presume to question more
Than courtesy might else allow.

As one, then, who in darkness pleads
For light, I ask to be informed
How, by a string of pegs and beads,
A soul is raised, or fed, or warmed.

Tell me, thou sober cabalist,
What is the potent, hidden charm
Hung on that string, or on its twist
Contorted, for repelling harm?

And is thy spirit kept so faint
It cannot mount to God above,
But here must substitute a saint
In image, for a heavenly love?

Has He who lived and died for us—
Whose gifts are light and liberty—
Left in his word the mittimus
That here confines and fetters thee?

Does he assign a living tomb
For souls endowed with vital grace?
Or need surrounding convent gloom,
To show the radiance of his face?

And, pensive nun, now what's the chart
That he has drawn and left below,
That by it every pious heart
May follow on, the Lord to know?

Far from temptation, in retreat
Did he consume his earthly days?
With houseless head and weary feet,
What were his works, and where his ways?

Oh, get thy spirit's wings unfurled!
Hide not thy candle, if 'tis lit!
Be *in*, but be not *of* the world,
If thou wouldst shine to lighten it.

Come out, and show that face demure;
And see, if smit on either cheek,
Thy righteous soul would then endure
To turn the other, and be meek.

For, let me tell thee, coy recluse,
If we are gold, we must be tried;
If stones, we must be hewn for use,
Or by the builder cast aside!

If we are salt to salt the earth,
Ah! then our savor, to be known,
Must be diffused;—for what's the worth
Of salt *en masse*, boxed up alone?

The touchstone where we must inquire
If we have safely hid our life,
Is found in pitfall, flood, and fire,
Allurements sweet, and bitter strife.

Come out! behold the billowy seas,
The flowery earth, and shining skies!
Say wherefore God created these,
And then, fair nun, thy beauteous eyes!

Was it for thee to turn and slight
The glorious things he spread to view?
To give earth, ocean, air, and light,
And freedom, for a dismal mew?

Oh! if beneath some lawless vow
To man, in self-delusion made,
An heir of heaven is brought to bow,
That vow were better broke than paid.

What binds thee here? or who shall set
His name indorsed a pledge for thee,
When Christ has died to pay thy debt,
And burst the grave to make thee free?

The world's the great arena, where
The fight of faith must well be fought;
And each good warrior seen to wear
The armor for the victory wrought.

How dost thou know but it may be
Thy foe, thy tempter, who has found
This cunning way to corner thee,
To keep thee from the battle-ground?

Come forth, thou hampered, coward one,
And doff that outward, odd disguise
That cumbers thee, if thou wouldst run,
Or fight the fight, to win the prize!

Come—from the bushel take thy light,
And give its radiance room to play!
Bind on thy shoes and armor tight,
And up, and to the field away!

JANE L. GRAY.

MORN.

Morn is the time to wake—
The eyelids to unclose—
Spring from the arms of Sleep, and break
The fetters of repose;
Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray:
How lovely and how meet
To send our earliest thoughts away
Up to the mercy seat!
Embassadors, for us to claim
A blessing in our Master's name.

Morn is the time to sing:
How charming 'tis to hear
The mingling notes of Nature ring
In the delighted ear!
And with that swelling anthem raise
The soul's fresh matin song of praise!

Morn is the time to sow
The seeds of heavenly truth,

While balmy breezes softly blow
Upon the soil of youth;
And look to thee, nor look in vain,
Our God, for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love:
As tendrils of the vine,
The young affections fondly rove,
And seek them where to twine.
Around thyself, in thine embrace,
Lord, let them find their resting place.

Morn is the time to shine,
When skies are clear and blue—
Reflect the rays of light divine
As morning dewdrops do:
Like early stars, be early bright,
And melt away like them in light.

Morn is the time to weep
O'er morning hours misspent:
Alas! how oft from peaceful sleep
On folly madly bent,
We've left the straight and narrow road,
And wandered from our guardian God!

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity!

And ask our souls if they are meet
To stand before the judgment seat.

Morn is the time to die,
Just at the dawn of day—
When stars are fading in the sky,
To fade like them away:
But lost in light more brilliant far
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise,
The resurrection morn—
Upspringing to the glorious skies,
On new-found pinions borne,
To meet a Saviour's smile divine:
Be such ecstatic rising mine!

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

MY MUSE.

Born of the sunlight, and the dew,
That met amongst the flowers,
That on the river margin grew,
Beneath the willow bowers;
Her earliest pillow was a wreath
Of violets newly blown,
And the meek incense of their breath
At once became her own.

Her cradle-hymn the river sung,
In that same liquid tone
With which it gave, when earth was young,
Praise to the Living One.
The breeze that lay upon its breast
Responded with a sigh;—
And there the ring-dove built her nest
And sung her lullaby.

The only nurse she ever knew
Was Nature, free, and wild,—
Such was her birth, and so she grew
A moody, wayward child,

Who loved to climb the rocky steep,
To ford the mountain stream,
To lie beside the sounding deep,
And weave the magic dream.

She loved the path with shadows dim,
Beneath the dark-leaved trees,
Where Nature's feather poets sing
Their sweetest melodies;
To dance amongst the pensile stems
Where blossoms bright and sweet
Threw diamonds from their diadems
Upon her fairy feet.

She loved to watch the day-star float
Upon the aerial sea,
Till morning sunk his pearly boat
In floods of radiancy.
To see the angel of the storm
Upon his wind-winged car,
With dark clouds wrapped around his form,
Come shouting from afar.

And pouring treasures rich and free,
The pure refreshing rain,
Till every weed and forest tree
Could boast its diamond chain.
Then rising, with the hymn of praise,
That swelled from hill and dale,
Display the rainbow, sign of peace,
Upon its misty veil.

She loved the waves' deep utterings—
And gazed with frenzied eye,
When night shook lightning from his wings
And winds went sobbing by.
Full oft I chid the wayward child,
Her wanderings to restrain;
And sought her airy limbs to bind
With prudence' worldly chain.

I bade her stay within my cot,
And ply the housewife's art;—
She heard me, but she heeded not,
Oh, who can bind the heart?
I told her she had none to guide
Her inexperienced feet
To where, through Tempe's valley, glide
Castalia's waters sweet;

No son of fame, to take her hand
And lead her blushing forth,
Proclaiming to the laurelled band
A youthful sister's worth;
That there were none to help her climb
The steep and toilsome way,
To where, above the mists of time,
Shines Genius' living ray;

Where wreathed with never-fading flowers,
The Harp immortal lies,
Filling the souls that reach those bowers
With heavenly melodies.

I warned her of the cruel foes
That throng that rugged path,
Where many a thorn of misery grows,
And tempests wreak their wrath.

I told her of the serpents dread,
With malice-pointed fangs,
Of yellow-blossomed weeds that shed
Derision's maddening pangs.
And of the broken, mouldering lyres
Thrown carelessly aside,
Telling the winds, with shivering wires,
How noble spirits died.

I said—her sandals were not meet
Such journey to essay,
(There should be gold beneath the feet
That tempt Fame's toilsome way),
But while I spoke, her burning eye
Was flashing in the light
That shone upon that mountain high,
Insufferably bright.

While streaming from the Eternal Lyre,
Like distant echoes came
A strain that wrapped her soul in fire,
And thrilled her trembling frame.
She sprang away—that wayward child,
"The harp! the harp!" she cried;
And still she climbs and warbles wild
Along the mountain side.

THE WILDWOOD HOME.

Oh, show me a place like the wildwood home,
Where the air is fragrant and free,
And the first pure breathings of morning come
In a gush of melody.
She lifts the soft fringe from her dark blue eye,
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that o'er her bosom lie,
Are bright as the gems above.

Where noon lies down in the breezy shade
Of the glorious forest bowers,
And the beautiful birds, from the sunny glades,
Sit nodding amongst the flowers;
While the holy child of the mountain spring
Steals past with a murmured song,
And the honey-bees sleep in the bells that swing
In garlanded banks along.

Where day steals away with a young bride's blush,
To the soft green couch of night,
And the moon throws o'er with a holy hush
Her curtain of gossamer-light.
And the seraph that sings in the hemlock-dell—
Oh, sweetest of birds is she!—
Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.

There are sumptuous mansions, with marble walls,
Surmounted by glittering towers,
Where fountains play in the perfumed halls,
Amongst exotic flowers:
There are suitable homes for the haughty in mind,
Yet a wildwood home for me;
Where the pure bright streams, and the mountain wind,
And the bounding heart, are free.

Frances Sargent Osgood

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

CAPRICE.

Reprove me not that still I change
With every changing hour,
For glorious Nature gives me leave
In wave, and cloud, and flower.

And you and all the world would do—
If all but dared—the same;
True to myself—if false to you,
Why should I reck your blame?

Then cease your carping, cousin mine,
Your vain reproaches cease;
I revel in my right divine—
I glory in caprice!

Yon soft, light cloud, at morning hour,
Looked dark and full of tears:
At noon it seemed a rosy flower—
Now, gorgeous gold appears.

So yield I to the deepening light
That dawns around my way:
Because you linger with the night,
Shall I my noon delay?

No! cease your carping, cousin mine—
Your cold reproaches cease;
The chariot of the cloud be mine—
Take thou the reins, Caprice!

'Tis true you played on Feeling's lyre
A pleasant tune or two,
And oft beneath your minstrel fire
The hours in music flew;

But when a hand more skilled to sweep
The harp, its soul allures,
Shall it in sullen silence sleep
Because not touched by yours?

Oh, there are rapturous tones in mine
That mutely pray release;
They wait the master-hand divine—
So tune the chords, Caprice!

Go—strive the sea-wave to control;
Or, wouldst thou keep me thine,
Be thou all being to my soul,
And fill each want divine,

Play every string in Love's sweet lyre—
Set all its music flowing;
Be air, and dew, and light, and fire,
To keep the soul-flower growing:

Be less—thou art no love of mine,
So leave my love in peace;
'Tis helpless woman's right divine—
Her only right—caprice!

And I will mount her opal car,
And draw the rainbow reins,
And gaily go from star to star,
Till not a ray remains;

And we will find all fairy flowers
That are to mortals given,
And wreathe the radiant, changing hours,
With those "sweet hints" of heaven.

Her humming-birds are harnessed there—
Oh! leave their wings in peace;
Like "flying gems" they glance in air—
We'll chase the light, Caprice!

MUSIC.

The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music-tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake—a dream, that had been lying
Hushed from eternity in silence there,
Heard the pure melody, and low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air—

Grew to that music—slowly, grandly waking,
Till bathed in beauty—it became a world!
Led by his voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it furled.

Nor yet has ceased that sound—his love revealing
Though, in response, a universe moves by!
Throughout eternity, its echo pealing—
World after world awakes in glad reply!

And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll!

HEAVEN IS OVER ALL.

In weary paths, my precious boy,
Your faltering feet must fall;

But bear in mind, where'er you go,
That Heaven is over all!

You're tripping thro' a garden now,
Where childhood loves to play,
And kind hands pull the flowers for you,
And throw the thorns away;

And softly falls the tender light—
The breeze—'tis joy to breathe it!
And if, perchance, a shower descends,
New blossoms wake beneath it;

But by and by you'll leave your bower,
And "go your ways" alone,
With but a chance companion, love,
Across your pathway thrown;

And sometimes in the desert bare,
Grief's bitter tears must fall;
But bear in mind, my boy, e'en there,
That Heaven is over all!

And sometimes over flinty rocks
Your tender feet must stray;
And sometimes in a tangled wood
You'll almost lose your way;

And oft you'll sigh for Childhood's home,
When gloomy scenes appal—
Oh! bear in mind, where'er you roam,
That Heaven is over all!

Be sure a sunbeam, thro' that wood,
Will light you on your way;
Be sure, within that solitude,
Some living fount will play.

And tho' the flinty rock should fret
Full long your weary feet,
There's moss upon its bosom yet,
Will make a pillow sweet:

And now and then a balmy air
Will float with soft perfume,
And lovely blossoms, here and there,
Will bless you with their bloom:

But if the clouds should hide the sky,
And blinding rain should fall,
Remember, God is always nigh,
And Heaven is over all!

Now—now, while yet in Childhood's bower,
With that wild way in view,
Oh! *put your little hand in His*,
And He will lead you through!

For if, with pure and patient heart,
With firm resolve and high,
You tread the path appointed, love,
And pass Temptation by,

A fairer home than Childhood's home,
A fonder love than ours,
Await you at your journey's end,
In Heaven's own balmy bowers.

Where'er you go—in weal or woe,
Whatever fate befall,
In sunny glade, in forest shade,
A *Heaven is over all!*

LITTLE CHILDREN.

And yet we check and chide
The airy angels as they float about us,
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world.
And day by day the fresh frank soul that looked
Out of those wistful eyes, and smiling played
With the wild roses of that changing cheek,
And modulated all those earnest tones,
And danced in those light foot-falls to a tune
Heart-heard by them, inaudible to us,
Folds closer its pure wings, whereon the hues
They caught in heaven already pale and pine,
And shrinks amazed and scared back from our gaze.
And so the evil grows. The graceful flower
May have its own sweet way in bud and bloom—
May drink, and dare with upturned gaze the light,
Or nestle 'neath the guardian leaf, or wave
Its fragrant bells to every roving breeze,
Or wreathe with blushing grace the fragile spray
In bashful loveliness. The wild wood-bird
May plume at will his wings, and soar or sing;
The mountain brook may wind where'er it would,
Dash in wild music down the deep ravine,
Or, rippling drowsily in forest haunts,
Dream of the floating cloud, the waving flower,
And murmur to itself sweet lulling words
In broken tones so like the faltering speech

Of early childhood: but our human flowers,
Our soul-birds, caged and pining—they must sing
And grow, not as their own but our caprice
Suggests, and so the blossom and the lay
Are but half bloom and music at the best.
And if by chance some brave and buoyant soul,
More bold or less forgetful of the lessons
God taught them first, disdain the rule—the bar—
And, wildly beautiful, rebellious rise,
How the hard world, half startled from itself,
Frowns the bright wanderer down, or turns away,
And leaves her lonely in her upward path.
Thank God! to such his smile is not denied.

CALL ME PET NAMES.

Call me pet names, dearest! call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word—
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
That tenderly sings there in loving delight!
Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,—
Call me pet names, dearest! call me thy bird!

Call me sweet names, darling! call me a flower,
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
That droops when its heaven—thy heart—grows cold,
That shrinks from the wicked, the false, and bold,

That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and shower;
Call me pet names, darling! call me thy flower!

Call me fond names, dearest! call me a star,
Whose smile's beaming welcome thou feel'st from afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
When the "night-time of sorrow" steals over life's sea!
Oh! trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are,
Call me pet names, darling! call me thy star!

Call me pet names, darling! call me thine own!
Speak to me always in love's low tone!
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold:
Let my fond worship thy being enfold;
Love me forever, and love me alone!
Call me pet names, darling! call me thine own!

TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT.

When are you coming? the flowers have come;
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;
In the dim woods where the cool mosses are,
Gleams the anemone's little, light star;
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell,
Sighs the sweet violet, droops the harebell;
Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew;
Spring keeps her promises: why do not you?

Up in the blue air the clouds are at play—
You are more graceful and lovely than they;
Birds in the branches sing all the day long,
When are you coming to join in their song?
Fairer than flowers, and fresher than dew!
Other sweet things are here—why are not you?

Why don't you come? we have welcomed the rose;
Every light zephyr, as gaily it goes,
Whispers of other flowers, met on its way:
Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
Why does it tell us of music and dew?
Rose of the south, we are waiting for you.

Do not delay, darling, mid the dark trees,
Like a lute murmurs the musical breeze;
Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers,
Hushes its warble to listen for yours.
Pure as the rivulet, lovely and true—
Spring should have waited till she could bring you.

LUCY HOOPER.

GIVE ME ARMOR OF PROOF.

Give me armor of proof, I must ride to the plain;
Give me armor of proof, ere the trump sound again;
To the halls of my childhood no more am I known,
And the nettle must rise where the myrtle hath blown!
Till the conflict is over, the battle is past,
Give me armor of proof—I am true to the last!

Give me armor of proof, bring me helmet and spear;
Away! shall the warrior's cheek own a tear?
Bring the steel of Milan—'tis the firmest and best,
And bind o'er my bosom its closely-linked vest,
Where the head of a loved one in fondness hath lain,
Whose tears fell at parting like warm summer rain!

Give me armor of proof: I have torn from my heart
Each soft tie, and true, that forbade me to part;
Bring the sword of Damascus—its blade cold and bright,
That bends not in conflict, but gleams in the fight;
And stay—let me fasten yon scarf on my breast,
Love's light pledge and true—I will answer the rest!

Give me armor of proof: shall the cry be in vain,
When to life's sternest conflicts we rush forth amain?
The knight clad in armor the battle may bide,
But woe to the heedless when bendeth the tried,
And woe to youth's morn, when we rode forth alone,
To the conflict unguarded, its gladness hath flown!

Give us armor of proof—our hopes were all high;
But they passed like the meteor lights from the sky;
Our hearts' trust was firm, but Life's waves swept away
One by one the frail ties which were shelter and stay:
And true was our love, but its bonds broke in twain;
Give me armor of proof, ere we ride forth again.

Give me armor of proof: we would turn from the view
Of a world that is fading to one that is true;
We would lift up each thought from this earth-shaded
light,
To the regions above, where there stealeth no blight;
And with Faith's chosen shield by no dark tempests riven,
We would gaze from earth's storms on the brightness of
heaven.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Mother! I bring thy gift;
Take from my hand the dreaded boon—I pray,
Take it; the still, pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
Never to pass away,
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanched that calm face. Oh, mother, this is death!

What is it that I see
From all the pure and settled features gleaming?
Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange and wild.
Mother! hadst thou no pity on thy child?
Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming
On the hushed lips; my mother, canst thou brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yester morn
My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
I gaily danced, while crowned with summer flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours;
And all was joy around—
Not death. Oh, mother! could I say thee nay?
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away?

Take it: my heart is sad,
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill.

I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given ;
And the pale face appals me, cold and still,
With the closed lips. Oh, tell me, could I know
That the pale features of the dead were so ?

I may not turn away
From the charmed brow ; and I have heard his name
Even as a prophet by his people spoken ;
And that high brow in death bears seal and token
Of one whose words were flame.
Oh, holy teacher, couldst thou rise and live,
Would not these hushed lips whisper, " I forgive !"

Away with lute and harp—
With the glad heart forever, and the dance !
Never again shall tabret sound for me.
Oh, fearful mother, I have brought to thee
The silent dead with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one to whom are given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven !

FRANCES H. GREEN.

A SONG OF WINTER.

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow
  The winter-king wrapped around him;
And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
  Was the regal zone that bound him:
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door—by the palace-gate.

Then his minstrel winds, on either hand,
The music of frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "Winter—Winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voice,
That made the heart of their king rejoice;

For it spake of strength, and it told of power,
And the mighty will that moved him;
Of all the joys of the fireside hour,
And the gentle hearts that loved him;
Of affections sweetly interwrought
With the play of wit and the flow of thought.

He has left his home in the starry North,
On a mission high and holy;
And now in his pride he is going forth,
To strengthen the weak and lowly—
While his vigorous breath is on the breeze,
And he lifts up Health from wan Disease.

We bow to his sceptre's supreme behest;
He is rough, but never unfeeling;
And a voice comes up from his icy breast,
To our kindness ever appealing:
By the comfortless hut, on the desolate moor,
He is pleading earnestly for the poor.

While deep in his bosom the heart lies warm,
And there the future life he cherisheth;

Nor clinging root, nor seedling form,
Its genial depths embracing, perisheth;
But safely and tenderly he will keep
The delicate flower-gems while they sleep.

The Mountain heard the sounding blast
Of the winds from their wild horn blowing,
And his rough cheek paled as on they passed,
And the River checked his flowing;
Then, with ringing laugh and echoing shout,
The merry schoolboys all came out.

And see them now, as away they go,
With the long, bright plane before them,
In its sparkling girdle of silvery snow,
And the blue arch bending o'er them;
While every bright cheek brighter grows,
Blooming with health—our winter rose!

The shrub looked up, and the tree looked down,
For with ice-gems each was crested;
And flashing diamonds lit the crown
That on the old oak rested;
And the forest shone in gorgeous array,
For the spirits of winter kept holyday.

So on the joyous skaters fly,
With no thought of a coming sorrow;

For never a brightly-beaming eye
  Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow!
Be free and be happy, then, while ye may,
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

SONG OF THE EAST WIND.

From the border of the Ganges
  Where the gentle Hindoo laves,
And the sacred cow is grazing
  By the holy Indian waves,
We have hastened to enrol us
In thy royal train, Æolus!

We have stirred the soul of Brahma,
  Bathed the brow of Juggernaut,
Filled the self-devoted widow
  With a high and holy thought—
And sweet words of comfort spoken,
Ere the earth-wrought tie was broken!

We have nursed a thousand blossoms
  In that land of light and flowers,
Till we fainted with the perfume
  That oppressed the slumbering Hours—
Dallied with the vestal tresses
Which no mortal hand caresses!

We have traced the wall of China
To the farthest orient sea;
Blessed the grave of old Confucius
With our sweetest minstrelsy;
Swelled the bosom of the Lama
To enact his priestly drama.

We have hurried off the monsoons
To far islands of the deep,
Where, oppressed with richest spices,
All the native breezes sleep;
And in Ophir's desert olden
Stirred the sands all bright and golden.

On the brow of Chumularee,
Loftiest summit of the world,
We have set a crown of vapor,
And the radiant snow-wreath furled;
Bid the gem-lit waters flow
From the mines of Borneo.

Sighing through the groves of banyan,
We have blessed the holy shade,
Where the sunbeams of the zenith
To a moonlike lustre fade;
There the fearful anaconda
And the dark chimpanzée wander!

We have roused the sleeping jackal
From his stealthy noontide rest;

Swelled the volume of deep thunder
In the lion's tawny breast,
Till all meaner beasts fled quaking
At the desert-monarch's waking.

O'er the sacred land of Yemen,
Where the first apostles trod,
And the patriarch and prophet
Stood before the face of God—
Vital with the deepest thought,
Holy memories we have brought.

We have bowed the stately cedar
On the brow of Lebanon,
And on Sinai's hoary forehead
Turned the gray moss to the sun;
Paused where Horeb's shade reposes,
Rifled Sharon's crown of roses.

We have blessed the chosen city
From the brow of Olivet,
Where the meek and holy Jesus
With his tears the cold earth wet—
Conquering all the hosts infernal
With those blessed drops fraternal.

We have gathered sacred legends
From the tide of Galilee;
Lingered where the waves of Jordan
Meet the dark, unconscious sea;

Murmured round the Hæmian mountains,
Stirred Bethulia's placid fountains.

On thy sod, Gethsemane,
We have nursed the passion-flower,
Stained with all the fearful conflict
Of the Saviour's darkest hour;
Stirred the shadows dense and deep
Over Calvary's awful steep.

We have breathed upon Parnassus,
Till his softening lip of snow
Bent to kiss the fair Castalia,
That lay murmuring below—
Then, mid flowers, went sighing on
Through the groves of Helicon.

We have touched the lone acacia
With the utterance of a sigh;
Tossed the dark, umbrageous palm-crown
Up against the cloudless sky;
And along the sunny slope
Chased the bright-eyed antelope.

We have kissed the cheek of Beauty
In the harem's guarded bowers,
Where, amid their splendor sighing,
Droop the loveliest human flowers—
And, the victim of brute passion,
Languishes the fair Circassian.

We have summoned from the desert
Giant messengers of Death,
Treading with a solemn cadence
To the purple simoom's breath—
Wearing in their awful ire
Crown of gold and robe of fire.

We have traversed mighty ruins
Where the splendors of the Past,
In their solitary grandeur,
Shadows o'er the Present cast—
Voiceful with the sculptured story
Of Egypta's ancient glory.

We have struck the harp of Memnon
With melodious unrest,
When the tuneful sunbeams glancing,
Warmed the statue's marble breast;
And Aurora bent with blessing,
Her own sacred son caressing.

Through the stately halls of Carnac,
Where the mouldering fragments chime
On the thrilling cords of Ruin,
To the silent march of Time,
We have swept the dust away
From the features of Decay.

We have sighed a mournful requiem
Through the cities of the Dead,

Where, in all the Theban mountains,
  Couches of the tomb are spread;
Fanned the Nile; and roused the tiger
From his lair beyond the Niger.

We have strayed from ancient Memphis,
  Where the Sphinx, with gentle brow,
Seems to bind the Past and Future
  Into one eternal Now;
But we hear a deep voice calling—
And the Pyramids are falling!

Even the wondrous pile of Ghizeh
  Cannot keep its royal dead,
For the sleep of ages yieldeth
  To the busy plunderer's tread:
Atom after atom—all—
At the feet of Time must fall!

Prostrate thus we bend before thee,
  Mighty sovereign of the Air,
While from all the teeming Orient
  Stories of the past we bear:
Thou, great sire, wilt ever cherish
Memories which cannot perish!

EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

Oh, for one draught of those sweet waters now
That shed such freshness o'er my early life!
Oh, that I could but bathe my fevered brow
To wash away the dust of worldly strife,

And be a simple-hearted child once more,
As if I ne'er had known this world's pernicious lore!

My heart is weary, and my spirit pants
  Beneath the heat and burden of the day;
Would that I could regain those shady haunts
  Where once with Hope, I dreamed the hours away,
Giving my thoughts to tales of old romance,
And yielding up my soul to youth's delicious trance!

Vain are such wishes: I no more may tread
  With lingering step and slow the green hillside:
Before me now life's shortening path is spread,
  And I must onward, whatsoe'er betide:
The pleasant nooks of youth are passed for aye,
And sober scenes now meet the traveller on his way.

Alas! the dust which clogs my weary feet
  Glitters with fragments of each ruined shrine,
Where once my spirit worshipped, when, with sweet
  And passionless devotion, it could twine
Its strong affections round earth's earthliest things,
Yet bear away no stain upon its snowy wings.

What though some flowers have 'scaped the tempest's wrath!
  Daily they droop by nature's swift decay:
What though the setting sun still lights my path!
  Morn's dewy freshness long has passed away.
Oh, give me back life's newly-budded flowers—
Let me once more inhale the breath of morning's hours!

My youth, my youth! oh, give me back my youth!
Not the unfurrowed brow and blooming cheek,
But childhood's sunny thoughts, its perfect truth,
And youth's unworldly feelings—these I seek!
Ah, who could e'er be sinless and yet sage?
Would that I might forget Time's dark and blotted page!

PEACE.

Oh, seek her not in marble halls of pride,
Where gushing fountains fling their silver tide,
Their wealth of freshness toward the summer sky;
The echoes of a palace are too loud—
They but give back the footsteps of the crowd
That throng about some idol throned on high,
Whose ermined robe and pomp of rich array
But serve to hide the false one's feet of clay.

Nor seek her form in poverty's low vale,
Where, touched by want, the bright cheek waxes pale,
And the heart faints with sordid cares opprest,
Where pining discontent has left its trace
Deep and abiding in each haggard face.
Not there, not there Peace builds her halcyon nest:
Wild revel scares her from wealth's towering dome,
And misery frights her from the poor man's home.

Nor dwells she in the cloister, where the sage
Ponders the mystery of some time-stained page,
  Delving, with feeble hand, the classic mine;
Oh, who can tell the restless hope of fame,
The bitter yearnings for a deathless name,
  That round the student's heart like serpents twine!
Ambition's fever burns within his breast,
Can Peace, sweet Peace, abide with such a guest?

Search not within the city's crowded mart,
Where the low-whispered music of the heart
  Is all unheard amid the clang of gold;
Oh, never yet did Peace her chaplet twine
To lay upon base mammon's sordid shrine,
  Where earth's most precious things are bought and sold,
Thrown on *that* pile, the pearl of price would be
Despised, because unfit for merchantry.

Go! hie thee to God's altar—kneeling there,
List to the mingled voice of fervent prayer
  That swells around thee in the sacred fane;
Or catch the solemn organ's pealing note,
When grateful praises on the still air float,
  And the freed soul forgets earth's heavy chain:
There learn that Peace, sweet Peace, is ever found
In her eternal home, on holy ground.

A PORTRAIT.

A GENTLE maiden, whose large loving eyes
Enshrine a tender, melancholy light,
Like the soft radiance of the starry skies,
Or Autumn sunshine, mellowed when most bright,
She is not sad, yet in her look appears
Something that makes the gazer think of tears.

She is not beautiful, her features bear
A loveliness by angel hands impressed,
Such as the pure in heart alone may wear,
The outward symbol of a soul at rest;
And this beseems her well, for Love and Truth
Companion ever with her guileless youth.

She hath a delicate foot, a dainty hand,
And every limb displays unconscious grace,
Like one, who, born a lady in the land,
Taketh no thought how best to fill her place,
But moveth ever at her own sweet will,
While gentleness and pride attend her still.

Nor has she lost, by any sad mischance,
The happy thoughts that to her years belong—
Her step is ever fleetest in the dance,
Her voice is ever gayest in the song;

The silent air by her rich notes is stirred,
As by the music of a forest bird.

There dwelleth in the sinlessness of youth
A sweet rebuke that Vice may not endure;
And thus she makes an atmosphere of truth,
For all things in her presence grow more pure;
She walks in light—her guardian angel flings
A halo round her from his radiant wings.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

He woos me with those honeyed words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear:
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade;
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers in love's thrilling tones,
The words of heartfelt praise;

And often in my eyes he looks,
Some answering love to see;
In vain—he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
With every gentle word;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred:
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last,
And while he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb.
And as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead,
Unless it glow for him.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

Look up, my young American!
  Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental power
  Give titles over birth.

A hallowed land thou claim'st, my boy,
  By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories—
  And wide—ay, wide as thought!

On the high Alleghany's range,
  Awake thy joyous song;
Then o'er our green savannahs stray,
  And gentle notes prolong.

Awake it 'mid the rushing peal
  Of dark Niagara's voice,
Or by thine ocean rivers stand,
  And in their joy rejoice;

What though we boast no ancient towers
Where "ivied" streamers twine?
The *Laurel* lives upon our soil,
The Laurel, boy, is thine.

What though no "minster lifts the cross,"
Tinged by the sunset fire?
Freely religion's voices float
Round every village spire.

And who shall gaze on yon "blue sea,"
If thou must turn away,
When bold Columbia's stripes and stars
Are floating in the day?

Who thunders louder, when the strife
Of gathering war is stirred?
Who ranges further, when the call
Of commerce' voice is heard?

And though on "Cressy's distant field"
Thy gaze may not be cast,
While through long centuries of blood
Rise spectres of the *past*;

The *future* wakes thy dreamings high,
And thou a note mayst claim,
Aspirings which in after times
Shall swell the trump of fame.

Yet scenes are here for tender thought—
Here sleep the good and brave!
Here kneel, my boy, and raise thy vow
Above the patriot's grave.

On Moultrie's isle, on Bunker's height,
On Monmouth's heated line,
On Eutaw's field, on Yorktown's bank
Erect thy loyal shrine.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's shield,
And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—
The name of WASHINGTON.

TO THE URSULINES.

OH, pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the sky above—your quiet bark
By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty, and commune with Heaven,
World-weaned and free;
God to his humblest creatures room has given
And space to be.

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
To plume his wing—
Space for the ringdove by her young to lie,
And softly sing.

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
To court the sky—
Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
To live and die.

Space for the ocean, in its giant might,
To swell and rave—
Space for the river, tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave.

Space for the sun to tread his path in might
And golden pride—
Space for the glow-worm, calling, by her light,
Love to her side.

Then, pure and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!
Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest.

RETURN TO MASSACHUSETTS.

The martin's nest—the simple nest!
I see it swinging high,
Just as it stood in distant years,
Above my gazing eye;
But many a bird has plumed its wing,
And lightly flown away,
Or drooped his little head in death,
Since that my youthful day!

The woodland stream—the pebbly stream!
It gaily flows along,
As once it did when by its side
I sang my merry song:
But many a wave has rolled afar.
Beneath the summer cloud,
Since by its bank I idly poured
My childish song aloud.

The sweet-brier rose—the wayside rose,
Still spreads its fragrant arms,
Where graciously to passing eyes
It gave its simple charms;
But many a perfumed breeze has passed,
And many a blossom fair,
Since with a careless heart I twined
Its green wreaths in my hair.

The barberry bush—the poor man's bush!
Its yellow blossoms hang,
As erst, where by the grassy lane
Along I lightly sprang;
But many a flower has come and gone,
And scarlet berry shone,
Since I, a school-girl in its path,
In rustic dance have flown.

E. F. Ellet

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

SONNET.

Shepherd! with meek brow wreathed with blossoms sweet,
Who guard'st thy timid flock with tenderest care,

Who guid'st in sunny paths their wandering feet,
And the young lambs dost in thy bosom bear—
Who lead'st thy happy flock to pastures fair,
And by still waters at the noon of day,
Charming with lute divine the silent air
What time they linger on the verdant way—
Good Shepherd! might one gentle, distant strain
Of that immortal melody sink deep
Into my heart, and pierce its careless sleep,
And melt by powerful love its sevenfold chain—
Oh, then my soul thy voice should know, and flee
To mingle with thy flock, and ever follow Thee!

VENICE.

From afar
The surgelike tone of multitudes, the hum
Of glad, familiar voices, and the wild,
Faint music of the happy gondolier,
Float up in blended murmurs. Queen of cities!
Goddess of ocean! with the beauty crowned
Of Aphrodite from her parent deep!

If thine Ausonian heaven denies the strength
That nerves a mountain race of sterner mould,
It gives thee charms whose very softness wins
All hearts to worship!

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

Our western land can boast no lovelier spot.
The hills which in their ancient grandeur stand,
Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem
Of this wild scene, resolved that none but Heaven
Shall look upon its beauty. Round their breast
A curtained fringe depends, of golden mist,
Touched by the slanting sunbeams; while below
The silent river, with majestic sweep,
Pursues his shadowed way—his glassy face
Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wild swan
To float in pride, or dip his ruffled wing.
Talk ye of solitude?—It is not here,
Nor silence.—Low, deep murmurs are abroad.
Those towering hills hold converse with the sky
That smiles upon their summits; and the wind
Which stirs their wooded sides, whispers of life,
And bears the burden sweet from leaf to leaf,
Bidding the stately forest-boughs look bright,
And nod to greet his coming! And the brook,
That with his silvery gleam comes leaping down
From the hillside, has, too, a tale to tell;
The wild bird's music mingles with its chime;
And gay young flowers, that blossom in its path,
Send forth their perfume as an added gift.
The river utters, too, a solemn voice,
And tells of deeds long past, in ages gone,

When not a sound was heard along his shores,
Save the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek
Of some expiring captive—and no bark
E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now, his waves
Are vocal often with the hunter's song;
Now visit, in their glad and onward course,
The abodes of happy men, gardens and fields,
And cultured plains—still bearing, as they pass,
Fertility renewed and fresh delights.

The time has been—so Indian legends say—
When here the mighty Delaware poured not

His ancient waters through, but turned aside
Through yonder dell and washed those shaded vales.
Then, too, these riven cliffs were one smooth hill,
Which smiled in the warm sunbeams, and displayed
The wealth of summer on its graceful slope.

Thither the hunter-chieftains oft repaired
To light their council-fires; while its dim height,
Forever veiled in mist, no mortal dared,
'Tis said, to scale; save one white-haired old man,
Who there held commune with the Indian's God,
And thence brought down to men his high commands.
Years passed away: the gifted seer had lived
Beyond life's natural term, and bent no more
His weary limbs to seek the mountain's summit.
New tribes had filled the land, of fiercer mien,
Who strove against each other. Blood and death
Filled those green shades where all before was peace,
And the stern warrior scalped his dying captive
E'en on the precincts of that holy spot
Where the Great Spirit had been. Some few, who mourned
The unnatural slaughter, urged the aged priest
Again to seek the consecrated height,
Succor from Heaven, and mercy to implore.
They watched him from afar. He labored slowly
High up the steep ascent, and vanished soon
Behind the folded clouds, which clustered dark
As the last hues of sunset passed away.
The night fell heavily; and soon were heard
Low tones of thunder from the mountain-top,
Muttering, and echoed from the distant hills
In deep and solemn peal; while lurid flashes
Of lightning rent anon the gathering gloom.
Then, wilder and more loud, a fearful crash
Burst on the startled ear: the earth, convulsed,
Groaned from its solid centre; forests shook
For leagues around; and, by the sudden gleam
Which flung a fitful radiance on the spot,

A sight of dread was seen. The mount was rent
From top to base; and where so late had smiled
Green boughs and blossoms, yawned a frightful chasm,
Filled with unnatural darkness. From afar
The distant roar of waters then was heard:
They came, with gathering sweep, o'erwhelming all
That checked their headlong course; the rich maize field,
The low-roofed hut, its sleeping inmates—all
Were swept in speedy, undistinguished ruin!
Morn looked upon the desolated scene
Of the Great Spirit's anger, and beheld
Strange waters passing through the cloven rocks;
And men looked on in silence and in fear,
And far removed their dwellings from the spot,
Where now no more the hunter chased his prey,
Or the war-whoop was heard. Thus years went on:
Each trace of desolation vanished fast;
Those bare and blackened cliffs were overspread
With fresh, green foliage, and the swelling earth
Yielded her stores of flowers to deck their sides.
The river passed majestically on
Through his new channel; verdure graced his banks;
The wild bird murmured sweetly as before
In its beloved woods; and nought remained,
Save the wild tales which hoary chieftains told,
To mark the change celestial vengeance wrought.

ABIDE WITH US.

"Abide with us! The evening hour draws on;
And pleasant at the daylight's fading close
The traveller's repose!

And as at morn's approach the shades are gone,
Thy words, oh, blessed stranger, have dispelled
The midnight gloom in which our souls were held.

"Sad were our souls, and quenched hope's latest ray,
But thou to us hast words of comfort given
Of Him who came from heaven!
How burned our hearts within us on the way,
While thou the sacred scripture didst unfold,
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old.

"Abide with us! let us not lose thee yet!
Lest unto us the cloud of fear return,
When we are left to mourn
That Israel's Hope—his better Sun—is set!
Oh, teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chide our faithless woe."

Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side
Who on the cross had died!
But when he broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their board,
And in the stranger hailed their risen Lord.

"Abide with us!" Thus the believer prays,
Compassed with doubt and bitterness and dread—
When, as life from the dead,
The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze:
He trusts the word, yet fears lest from his heart
He whose discourse is peace too soon depart.

Open, thou trembling one, the portal wide,
And to the inmost chamber of thy breast
Take home the heavenly guest!
He for the famished shall a feast provide—
And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see
The Lord of angels come to sup with thee.

Belovéd—who for us with care hast sought—
Say, shall we hear thy voice, and let thee wait
All night before the gate—
Wet with the dews—nor greet thee as we ought!
Oh, strike the fetters from the hand of pride,
And, that we perish not, with us, O Lord, abide!

MARY E. LEE.

THE BLIND NEGRO COMMUNICANT.

The Saviour's feast was spread. Group after group
From Zion's scattering band, now silent thronged
Around the sacred table, glad to pay
(As far as sinful, erring man can pay)
Their debt of gratitude, and share anew
The plain memorials of his dying love.
All ranks were gathered there. The rich and poor:
The ignorant and wise; the tear-wet soul,
And the glad spirit yet in sunshine clad;
All, with their many hopes and cares and griefs,
Sought, quiet and unmarked, their 'customed place,
And still at the full banquet there was room.—
It was a solemn season; and I sat
Wrapt in a cloud of thought, until a slow
And measured footstep fell upon my ear:
And when I turned to look, an aged man
Of three score years and ten appeared to view.
It was the blind communicant! He came
Led by a friendly hand, and took his place
Nearest the table, with a reverent air,
As if he felt the spot was holy ground.—
There was a perfect hush!—the hour was come!—
The symbols were disclosed, and soon there rose

The sweet tones of the shepherd of the flock,
Telling once more the story of the Cross;
And as he spoke, in sympathy I gazed
Upon the blind old pilgrim by my side.
The sight was touching! As the Pastor taught,
In accents all subdued, how Jesus bore
The flight of friends, the stern denial-vow,
The spear, the thorns, the agonizing cross,
With want, shame, persecution, torture, death,
The old man shook, convulsed; his ebon brow
Grew pallid in its hue; a few big tears
Ran trickling down his cheek, and from his lip
Methought there came the words, "*Lord, is it I?*"
But when there stole upon each listening ear
And throbbing heart, that prayer of matchless love,
That type and watchword for all after prayer,
"Father, forgive them!" then he clasped his hands,
And bowing his hoar head upon his breast,
Wept, even as a weaned child might weep.
There was a change! The bread and wine were brought!
He wiped the gushing drop from his thin cheek,
Bowed solemnly—received them both—then paused—
Till raising his dull eyeballs up to heaven,
As asking for God's blessing on the rite,
He broke the bread, received the goblet close
Within his withered hands; restored it safe;—
Then, while a peaceful smile illumed his face,
Sank back as in an ecstasy of bliss.
The parting hymn was sung, and oft I paused
And loved to listen, as the old man's voice,
Broken and shrill, sought too to mingle in
With modulated tones, and though his *lip*

Uttered no music, yet I joyed to know
The *heart* was all linked-melody within.
Christ's seal was stamped anew upon each soul;
The solemn rite was finished, and the band,
Warmed to each kindly touch of human love,
Moved, full of thoughtful cheerfulness, along
The quiet churchyard, where gay sunbeams danced
On the white marble tombs, and bright flowers made
A pleasant home for Death; while 'mongst them all
The blind Communicant went groping on
Along his midnight path. The sight was sad!—
My heart yearned for him—and I longed for power
To say, as the disciples said of old,
"Blind man! receive thy sight,"—and in the might
Of strong compassion, I could even, methought,
Have entered his dark prison-house awhile,
And let him gaze, in turn, on the blue skies
And the glad sunshine, and the laughing earth.
But soon I owned a sense of higher things,
And in the heart's soft dialect I said,
"Old soldier of the Cross, 'tis well with thee!
Thy warfare is nigh finished; and though Earth
Be but an utter blank, yet soon thou'lt gaze
On that bright country where thy God shall be
The never-setting Sun; and Christ, thy Lord,
Will lead thee through green pastures, where the still
And living waters play. And though thou art
A creature lonely and unprized by *men*,
Yet thou mayst stand a Prince 'mongst Princes, when
The King makes up his jewels!"

THE POETS.

The poets! the poets!
Those giants of the earth;
In mighty strength, they tower above
The men of common birth;
A noble race,—they mingle not
Among the motley throng;
But move with slow and measured steps
To music-notes along!

The poets! the poets!
What conquests they can boast!
Without one drop of life-blood spilt,
They rule a world's wide host;
Their stainless banner floats unharmed,
From age to lengthened age;
And history records their deeds
Upon her proudest page!

The poets! the poets!
How endless is their fame!
Death, like a thin mist comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name;
But as yon starry gems, that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won in memory's depths
An immortality!

The poets! the poets!
Who doth not linger o'er
The glorious volumes, that contain
Their pure and spotless lore?
They charm us in the saddest hours;
Our richest joys they feed;
And love for them has grown to be
A universal creed!

The poets! the poets!
Those kingly minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
Around each honored head:
No tribute is too high to give
Those *crowned ones* among men;
The poets! the true poets!
Thanks be to God for them!

CATHERINE H. ESLING.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

Come home—
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody:
Brother, come home.

Come home—
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home.

Come home—
Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love:
Brother, come home.

Come home—
It is not home without thee: the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou were wont to be,
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list for what should herald thee:
Brother, come home.

Come home—
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watched every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here:
Brother, come home.

Come home—
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee—
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody:
Brother, come home!

MARY E. HEWITT.

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

Crowned with the hoar of centuries,
There, by the eternal sea,
High on her misty cape she sits,
Like an eagle! fearless—free!

And thus in olden time she sat,
On that morn of long ago;
'Mid the roar of Freedom's armament,
And the war-bolts of her foe.

Old Time hath reared her pillared walls,
Her domes and turrets high;
With her hundred tall and tapering spires,
All flashing to the sky.

Shall I not sing of thee, beloved?
My beautiful! my pride!
That towerest in thy queenly grace,
By the tributary tide.

There, swan-like crestest thou the waves
That enamoured round thee swell—
Fairer than Aphrodité couched
On her foam-wreathed ocean shell!

Oh! ever, 'mid this restless hum
Resounding from the street,
Of the thronging, hurrying multitude,
And the tread of stranger feet—

My heart turns back to thee—mine own!
My beautiful! my pride!
With thought of thy free ocean-wind,
And the clasping, fond old tide—

With all thy kindred household smokes,
  Upwreathing far away:
And the merry bells that pealed as now
  On my grandsire's wedding-day—

To those green graves and truthful hearts.
  O, city by the sea!
My heritage, and priceless dower,
  My beautiful! in thee.

OSCEOLA SIGNING THE TREATY.

Stern in the white man's council-hall,
  'Mid his red brethren of the wood,
While fearless flashed his eye on all,
  The chieftain Osceola stood—
And fast the words that keenly stung
Like arrows hurtled from his tongue.

"Brothers!" he said, "and ye are come
  To sign the white man's treaty here,—
To yield to him our forest home,
  And he will give us lands and deer
Beyond the western prairie flowers,
For these broad hunting-grounds of ours.

"The pale-face is a singing-bird!
Hungry and crafty as the kite—
And ye his cunning song have heard,
Till like his cheek your hearts are white!
Till for his fire-drink and his gold,
Your fathers' bones their sons have sold!

"And ye, the strong and pale of face,
Have bought the Indian's hunting-ground—
Bought his time-honored burial-place,
With little gold and many a wound—
Yea—bought his right with hand of mail!
And with your bloodhounds on the trail,

"You drive him from the everglades,
Beyond the Mississippi's flow,
And with your rifles and your blades
You hunt him like the buffalo—
Till turns he, goaded, maddened, back,
To strike the foe upon the track!

"Let the white chieftains pause, and hear
The answer of the Seminole:—
The red man is a foe to fear—
He will not sign you faithless scroll,
Nor yield to you the lands ye prize—
The war-belt on your pathway lies!"

Leapt from its wampum band the glaive,
As from the bent bow leaps the shaft,

And fierce the tempered steel he drave
Through board and parchment, to the haft;
"And thus," he said, with eye of flame—
"Thus Osceola signs your claim!"

EMILY C. JUDSON.

NOT A POET.

I am a little maiden,
  Who fain would touch the lyre;
But my poor fingers ever
  Bring discord from the wire.

'Tis strange I'm not a poet;
There's music in my heart;
Some mystery must linger
About this angel art.

I'm told that joyous spirits,
Untouched by grief or care,
In mystery so holy
Are all too light to share.
My heart is very gladsome;
But there's a corner deep,
Where many a shadow nestles,
And future sorrows sleep.

I hope they'll not awaken
As yet for many a year;
There's not on earth a jewel
That's worth one grief-born tear.
Long may the heart be silent,
If sorrow's touch alone,
Upon the chords descending,
Has power to wake its tone.

I'd never be a poet,
My bounding heart to hush,
And lay down at the altar,
For sorrow's foot to crush.
Ah, no! I'll gather sunshine,
For coming evening's hours;

And while the spring-time lingers
I'll garner up its flowers.

I fain would learn the music
Of those who dwell in Heaven;
For woe-tuned harp was never
To seraph fingers given.
But I will strive no longer
To waste my heartfelt mirth;
I will mind me that the gifted
Are the stricken ones of earth.

ASPIRING TO HEAVEN.

Ay, let me die! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth?
Oh, make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell!

'Tis sweet to die. The flowers of earthly love
(Fair, frail spring-blossoms) early droop and die;
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream—a bright, but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness, a gleam
Of holy light, of truth immortal, breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings
Across my pathway; nor from cares that rise
In every foot-print; for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow, as it glooms and flies.

But Heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure;
There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure;
And spirit-fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend a wanderer to fold;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die! My spirit longs for Heaven,
In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But if to labor longer here be given,
"Father, thy will be done," and I am blest.

DEATH.

When day is dying in the west,
  Each flickering ray of crimson light,
The sky, in gold and purple dressed,
  The cloud, with glory all bedight,
  And every shade that ushers night,
And each cool breeze that comes to weave
Its dampness with my curls—all leave
  A lesson sad!

Last night I plucked a half-shut flower,
  Which blushed and nodded on its stem;
A thing to grace a Peri's bower;
  It seemed to me some priceless gem,
  Dropped from an angel's diadem;
But soon the blossom drooping lay,
And, as it withered, seemed to say,
  "We're passing all!"

I loved a fair-haired, gentle boy,
  (A bud of brightness—ah, too rare!)
I loved him, and I saw with joy
  Heaven's purity all centred there:
  But he went up, that heaven to share;

And, as his spirit from him stole,
His last look graved upon my soul,
"Learn thus to die!"

I've seen the star that glowed in heaven,
When other stars seemed half asleep,
As though from its proud station driven,
Go rushing down the azure steep,
Through space unmeasured, dark, and deep;
And, as it vanished far in night,
I read by its departing light,
"Thus perish all!"

I've, in its dotage, seen the year,
Worn out and weary, struggling on,
Till falling prostrate on its bier,
Time marked another cycle gone;
And, as I heard the dying moan,
Upon my trembling heart there fell
The awful words, as by a spell,
"Death, death to all!"

They come on every breath of air,
Which sighs its feeble life away;
They're whispered by each blossom fair,
Which folds a lid at close of day;
There's nought of earth, or sad or gay,
There's nought below the starlit skies,
But leaves one lesson as it flies—
"Thou too must die!"

And numberless those silvery chords,
  Dissevered by the spoiler's hand,
But each in breaking still affords
  A tone to say we all are banned;
  And on each brow by death-damps spanned,
The pall, the slowly moving hearse,
Is traced the burden of my verse—
  "Death, death to man!"

Sarah J. Hale

SARAH J. HALE.

THE GOLD PEN.

The noblest triumphs of the soul, recorded,
Have ever with earth's humble things been blent;
When ancient Lore and Law Divine were worded,
A simple *reed* was all the instrument.

And when proud Genius, like an eagle soaring,
Caught inspiration from the fount of light,
His sceptre, waved above the world adoring,
Was but a *feather*, seized to aid his flight.
And now Invention and his brother Labor,
A surer way to rule the world have found,
They wrest the stubborn *steel* from War, their neighbor,
To bid thought flow, as he did blood, around.
A holier change on Hope's horizon beameth—
When precious things, to holy uses given,
Shall make true glory what the poet dreameth,
Who weds the flowers of earth with stars of heaven.
No more shall gold of Ophir be devoted
To gild the heathen's god, the tyrant's sway;
No longer will the man of wealth be quoted
For what he gains—but what he gives away.
And Woman—then her chiefest ornamenting,
Shall be a spirit loving, meek, and pure;
With angel watchfulness the ill preventing,
With angel kindness seeking woe to cure.
And Liberty will be the wealth of nations—
And Truth the diamond star that decks the great,
And Virtue's patriot voice assign the stations
That leads to honor in the ordered state.
As when the Sun upon Earth's fair attendant,
The Moon, full-orbed, his evening smile doth throw,
So shall the mind enlarged shine forth resplendent
When holy thoughts from golden pens shall flow.

THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

Angels, sent as witnesses,
Watch us everywhere;
Sheltered by their shining wings,
Seeming folds of air,
Gentle maiden, one is near,
List'ning for thy prayer!

Offerings of the pure in heart
Upward, flame-like, tend;
With a sunbeam swiftness then
Angel guards descend!
Human sigh and heavenly smile
Thus together blend.

Lovely as the lonely flower
In the desert blown,
Is the holy human thought
But to angel known:
On his book the thoughts is graved,
Where its light is thrown.

As the fragrance from the flower
Riseth morn and even,
Warm with light or wet with dew,
Joy and grief are given

From the human soul to draw
Incense forth for heaven—
Angels for this offering wait
Every morn and even.

A BLIND GIRL'S IDEA OF LADIES.

I HAVE a fancy ladies are like flowers;
And so I class and keep them in my mind.
The delicate and gentle are the jasmines;
The mirthful and warm-hearted—these are pinks:
The loving are the rose, for love is sweet,
And beautiful in mother as in bride;
The stately and precise are dahlias, set
As they were carved and colored for a show;
The tulips, such as talk of love and beaux;
The spiritual, whose pure sweet thoughts seem given
As are the star-beams from the light of heaven—
These are the lilies; and the violets
Are gentle-hearted ones who love the lilies,
And would be like them could they choose their fate.

THE LOVE PLEDGE.

What beauty lives
In the pure sentiment from lips beloved!
What trifles make love's wealth! A faded flower,
A tress of hair, a seal, a common book,
With the dear name inscribed; or, holier yet,
A ring, the constant heart's prophetic pledge—
How sacredly such treasures are preserved,
How highly prized! The miser, o'er his gold,
Adding fresh gains to swell the hoarded heap,
And counting, for the thousandth time, the sum,
Feels not the rapture of enduring wealth
Which the true lover knows, when he regards,
With trusting faith, the simplest pledge that speaks
Of mutual love.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

As bursts the lightning o'er a stormy sky,
So Thought, amid life's tumult, flashes forth;
For mighty minds at rest too often lie,
Like clouds in upper air, cold, calm, and high,
Till, tempest-tossed, and driven towards the earth,

They meet the uprising mass, and then is wrought
The burning thunderbolt of human Thought,
That sends the living light of truth abroad,
And rouses, from the tomb of wan despair,
The peoples, half consumed in slavery,
Whose eager eyes suck in th' illumined air,
And flash back hope to Thought that makes them free.
Shivering, like glass, the towers of force and fraud,
And awing the bowed world like oracle of God.

S. M. Fuller,

MARCHIONESS OSSOLI

MARGARET FULLER.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

The charms of melody, in simple airs,
By human voices sung, are always felt;
With thoughts responsive careless hearers melt,
Of secret ills, which our frail nature bears.

We listen, weep, forget. But when the throng
Of a great master's thoughts, above the reach
Of words or colors, wire and wood can teach
By laws which to the spirit-world belong—
When several parts, to tell one mood combined,
Flash meaning on us we can ne'er express.
Giving to matter subtlest powers of mind,
Superior joys attentive souls confess:
The harmony which suns and stars obey,
Blesses our earth-bound state with visions of supernal day.

TO EDITH, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

If the same star our fates together bind,
Why are we thus divided, mind from mind?
If the same law one grief to both impart,
How couldst thou grieve a trusting mother's heart?

Our aspiration seeks a common aim,
Why were we tempered of such differing frame?
—But 'tis too late to turn this wrong to right;
Too cold, too damp, too deep, has fallen the night!

And yet, the angel of my life replies—
"Upon that night a Morning Star shall rise,
Fairer than that which ruled the temporal birth,
Undimmed by vapors of the dreamy earth."

It says, that, where a heart thy claim denies,
Genius shall read its secret ere it flies;
The earthly form may vanish from thy side,
Pure love will make thee still the Spirit's bride.

And thou, ungentle, yet much-loving child,
Whose heart still shows the "untamed haggard wild,"
A heart which justly makes the highest claim,
Too easily is checked by transient blame;

Ere such an orb can ascertain its sphere,
The ordeal must be various and severe;
My prayers attend thee, though the feet may fly,
I hear thy music in the silent sky.

LIFE A TEMPLE.

The temple round
Spread green the pleasant ground;
The fair colonnade
Be of pure marble pillars made;
Strong to sustain the roof,
Time and tempest proof,
Yet amid which the lightest breeze
Can play as it please:

The audience hall
Be free to all
Who revere
The Power worshipped here,
Sole guide of youth,
Unswerving Truth:
In the inmost shrine
Stands the image divine,
Only seen
By those whose deeds have worthy been—
Priestlike clean.
Those, who initiated are,
Declare.
As the hours
Usher in varying hopes and powers;
It changes its face,
It changes its age—
Now a young beaming grace,
Now Nestorian sage:
But, to the pure in heart,
This shape of primal art
In age is fair,
In youth seems wise,
Beyond compare,
Above surprise:
What it teaches native seems,
Its new lore our ancient dreams;
Incense rises from the ground,
Music flows around;
Firm rest the feet below, clear gaze the eyes above,
When Truth to point the way through life assumes the wand of Love;

But, if she cast aside the robe of green,
Winter's silver sheen,
White, pure as light,
Makes gentle shroud as worthy weed as bridal robe had been.

JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

A STORY OF SUNRISE.

Where the old cathedral towers,
With its dimly lighted dome,
Underneath its morning shadow
Nestles my beloved home;
When the summer morn is breaking
Glorious, with its golden beams,
Through my open, latticed window,
Matin music wildly streams.

Not the peal of deep-toned organ
Smites the air with singing sound,—
Not the voice of singing maiden,
Sighing softer music round;—
Long ere these have hailed the morning
Is the mystic anthem heard,
Wildly, fervently, outpouring
From the bosom of a bird.

Every morn he takes his station
On the cross which crowns the spire,
And with Heaven-born inspiration,
Vents, in voice, his bosom's fire!

Every morn when light, and shadow,
Struggling, blend their gold and gray,
From the cross, midway to Heaven,
Streams his holy melody.

Like the summons from the turrets
Of an Eastern mosque it seems—
"*Come to prayer, to prayer, ye faithful!*"
Echoes through my morning dreams.
Heedful of the invitation
Of the pious messenger,
Lo, I join in meek devotion
With the lonely worshipper.

And a gushing, glad thanksgiving
From my inmost heart doth thrill,
Up, high up, to God in Heaven,
Mingled with the music's trill.
Then the boy who rests beside me
Softly opes his starry eyes,
Tosses back his streaming ringlets.
Gazes round in sweet surprise.

He, though sleeping, felt the radiance
Struggling through the curtained gloom;
Heard the wild harmonious hymning,
Break the stillness of my room;
These deliciously commingled
With the rapture of his dreams,
And the Heaven of which I've told him
On his childish vision gleams.

Guardian seraphs, viewless spirits,
  Brooding o'er the enchanted air,
Pause, with folded wings, to listen
  To the lispings of his prayer;
Up, to the "recording angel,"
  When their ward on earth is done,
They will bear the guileless accents
  Of my infant's orison!

A SONG OF SUNSET.

Now, the everlasting mountains
  Hide the sun which morning gave;
Meet are they, those lofty bulwarks,
  To become the day-god's grave!
See the tender hues that brighten,
  Where that sun's last glories were!
Seem they not, like flowers, scattered
  O'er his gorgeous sepulchre?

And the *Day*, that but existed
  In the sun's all-glorious light,
Languishes, as broken-hearted,
  Fades away in death and night.
Sympathetic clouds of heaven
  Softly weep their holy dew,

While the first bright star of even
  Beams alone amid the blue.
Like a child that doth inherit
  All its parents' radiant bloom,
Watching with a saddened spirit
  O'er their loved and hallowed tomb.

Day is dead, and we are dying—
  Every hour but speeds our doom—
Every breath we now are drawing
  Brings us nearer to the tomb.
Let this thought rejoice our spirits,
  Drooping o'er life's weary way,—
Every day removes a burden;
  We are dying every day.

"Dying daily! dying daily!"
  These are words of lofty cheer!
Falling, like a tale of ransom,
  On a suffering captive's ear.
Let us then, in holy living,
  Tread the path our Saviour trod—
When our pilgrimage is ended,
  Calmly fall asleep in God.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

THE RAINBOW.

I SOMETIMES have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;

The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth
It was stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And I bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel, that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul.
Like the wings of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet O! when death's shadows my bosom uncloud.
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

SEVENTEEN.

I HAVE a fair and gentle friend,
Whose heart is pure, I ween,
As ever was a maiden's heart
At joyous seventeen.
She dwells among us like a star,
That from its bower of bliss
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From aught it sees in this.

I do not mean that flattery
Has never reached her ear;
I only say its siren song
Has no effect on her;
For she is all simplicity,
A creature soft and mild—
Though on the eve of womanhood,
In heart a very child.

And yet, within the misty depths
Of her dark dreamy eyes,
A shadowy something, like deep thought,
In tender sadness lies:
For though her glance still shines as bright
As in her childish years;
Its wildness and its lustre now
Are softened down by tears—

Tears that steal not from hidden springs
Of sorrow and regret,
For none but lovely feelings in
Her gentle breast have met;
For every tear that gems her eye
From her young bosom flows,
Like dew-drops from a golden star,
Or sweetness from a rose.

For, e'en in life's delicious spring,
We oft have memories,
That throw around our sunny hearts
A transient cloud of sighs;

For a wondrous change within the heart
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought.

And she has reached that lovely time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf
Seems like a glowing page;
For a beauty and a mystery
About the heart is thrown,
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone.

I do not know if round her heart
Love yet hath thrown his wing;
I rather think she's like myself,
An April-hearted thing:
I only know that she is fair,
And loves me passing well;
But who this gentle maiden is,
I feel not free to tell.

Anne C. Lynch

ANNE C. LYNCH.

SONNET.

As some dark stream within a cavern's breast
  Flows murmuring, moaning, for the distant sun,
So, ere I met thee, murmuring its unrest
  Did my life's current coldly, darkly, run.

And as that stream beneath the sun's full gaze
Its separate course and life no more maintains,
But now absorbed, transfused, far o'er the plains,
It floats etherealized in those warm rays,—
So, in the sunlight of thy fervent love,
My heart, so long to earth's dark channels given,
Now soars, all pain, all doubt, all ill above,
And breathes the ether of the upper heaven;
So thy high spirit holds and governs mine,
So is my life, my being lost in thine.

CHRIST BETRAYED.

Eighteen hundred years agone
Was that deed of darkness done—
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who, with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may never more
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-Spirit ever lives—
Ever in thy heart he strives.

When pale Misery mutely calls,
When thy tempted brother falls,
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate, and Anger, and Disdain,
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart:
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou may'st be,
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When he trod the Holy Land,
With his small disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom—
When the man, the human love,
And the God within him strove—
As in Gethsemane he wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept:
While for them he wept and prayed,
One denied and one betrayed!

If to-day thou turn'st aside
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep—
Thou art one of those who sleep;
Or, if waking thou dost see
Nothing of Divinity
In our fallen, struggling race—
If in them thou seest no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a Future to be won,

Of a Future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny:
But if, seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet, if thou art bound to Sin,
False to the Ideal within,
Slave of Ease or slave of Gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold!

HAGAR.

Untrodden, drear, and lone,
  Stretched many a league away,
Beneath a burning noonday sun,
  The Syrian desert lay.

The scorching rays that beat
  Upon that herbless plain,
The dazzling sands, with fiercer heat,
  Reflected back again.

O'er that dry ocean strayed
  No wandering breath of air,

No palm-trees cast their cooling shade,
No water murmured there.

And thither, bowed with shame,
Spurned from her master's side,
The dark-browed child of Egypt came,
Her woe and shame to hide.

Drooping and travel-worn,
The boy upon her hung,
Who from his father's tent that morn
Like a gazelle had sprung.

His ebbing breath failed fast,
Glazed was his flashing eye;
And in that fearful, desert waste,
She laid him down to die.

But when, in wild despair,
She left him to his lot,
A voice that filled that breathless air
Said, "Hagar, fear thou not."

Then o'er the hot sands flowed
A cooling, crystal stream,
And angels left their high abode
And ministered to them.

Oft, when drear wastes surround
  My faltering footsteps here,
I've thought I, too, heard that blest sound
  Of "Wanderer, do not fear."

And then, to light my path
  On through the evil land,
Have the twin angels, Hope and Faith,
  Walked with me, hand to hand.

ASPIRATION.

The planted seed, consigned to common earth,
  Disdains to moulder with the baser clay;
  But rises up to meet the light of day,
Spreads all its leaves and flowers and tendrils forth,
  And, bathed and ripened in the genial ray,
Pours out its perfume on the wandering gales,
Till in that fragrant breath its life exhales.
So this immortal germ within my breast
  Would strive to pierce the dull dark clod of sense;
  With aspirations, wingèd and intense;—
Would so stretch upward, in its tireless quest,
To meet the Central Soul, its source, its rest:
So, in the fragrance of the immortal flower,
High thoughts, and noble deeds, its life it would outpour.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Why should we weep for thee,
Since thou art gone unsullied back to Heaven,
No stain upon thy spirit's purity,
No sin to be forgiven?

Love watched thee from thy birth;
Fond hearts around thee tireless vigils kept,—
And o'er thy tender soul the storms of earth
Had never rudely swept.

Thou'rt spared a fearful lore,—
A knowledge all attain who linger here;
The changed, the cold, the dead, were words that bore
No import to thine ear.

Methought I saw in thee
Thus early, as I marked by many a token,
A soul that might not war with Destiny,
A heart that could be broken.

But sinless, tearless, gone,
Undimmed, unstained, who would not thus have died?
For thee then let these vain regrets be done,
These selfish tears be dried.

Go to thy little bed!
The verdant turf is springing fresh and fair,
The flowers thou lov'dst shall blossom o'er thy head,
The spring birds warble there.

And while to shapeless dust
Thy cherub form is gently mouldering back,
Our thoughts shall upward soar in hopeful trust,
On thy freed spirit's track.

"EDITH MAY."

A TRUE STORY OF A FAWN.

Down from a mountain's craggy brow,
His homeward way the hunter took,
By a path that wound to the vales below,
At the side of a leaping brook.

Long and sore had his journey been,
By the dust that clung to his forest green,
By the stains on his broidered moccasin ;
And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
And an empty horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward : soft and pale
The sunset poured its rosy flood
Slanting over the wooded vale ;
And the weary hunter stood,
Looking down on his cot below,
Watching his children there at play,
Watching the swing on the chestnut bough
Flit to and fro through the twilight gray,
Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering spray.

Faint and far, through the forest wide,
Came a hunter's voice and a hound's deep cry ;
Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
Scarcely woke, as her sentinel
Challenged the sound from the mountain-side—
Over the valleys the echo died ;
And a doe sprang lightly by,
And cleared the path, and panting stood.
With her trembling fawn, by the leaping flood.

She spanned the torrent at a bound,
And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
Fled, as the bay of the deep-mouthed hound
Fell loudly on her ear ;

And pausing by the waters deep,
Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
Too weak to dare the perilous leap,
The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
Watching the flight of her lithe-limbed doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
And sobbed and wept as the waves shot by;
Now she paused on the rocky ledge,
With head erect, and steadfast eye,
Listening to the stag-hound's cry:
Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
Close in the forest the echoes died,
And over the pathway the brown fawn sprang,
And crouched by the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets the boughs unclasped,
Leaped apart with a crashing sound;
Under the lithe vines, sure and fast,
Came on the exulting hound—
Yet, baffled, stopped to bay and glare,
Far from the torrent's bound:
For the weeping fawn, still crouching there,
Shrank not, nor fled, but closer pressed,
And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

JULIETTE.

Where the rough crags lift, and the sea-mews call,
Yet stands Earl Hubert's castle tall:
Close at the base of its western wall
The chafed waves stand at bay;
And the May-rose twined in its banquet hall
Dips to the circling spray.
For the May-rose springs, and the ivy clings,
And the wallflower flaunts in the ruined bower,
And the sea-bird foldeth her weary wings
Up in the stone-gray tower.

Scaling an arch of the postern rude,
A wild vine dips to the ocean's flow;
Deep in the niches the blind owls brood,
And the fringing moss hangs low
Where stout Earl Hubert's banner stood
Five hundred years ago!

Out from the castle's western wall
Jutteth a tower round and tall,
And leading up to the parapet
By a winding turret-stair:
Over the sea their looketh yet
A chamber small and square,
Where the faint daylight comes in alone
Through a narrow slit in the solid stone;
And here, old records say,
Earl Hubert bore his wayward child
From courts and gallants gay—
That, guarded by the billows wild,
And cloistered from her lover's arms,
Here might she mourn her wasted charms,
Here weep her youth away.

"One—two!" said the sentinel,
Pacing his rounds by the eastern tower.
Up in the turret a solemn knell
Tolled for the parting hour;
Over the ocean its echo fell—
"One! two!"—like a silver bell
Chiming afar in the sea-nymph's bower.

Shrill and loud was the sea-bird's cry,
The watch-dog bayed as the moon rose high,
  The great waves swelled below ;
And the measured plash of a dipping oar
Broke softly through their constant roar,
  And paused beneath the shade
Flung westward by that turret hoar
  Where slept the prisoned maid.
The sentinel paced to and fro
  Under the castle parapet,
But, in her chamber, Juliette
Heard not the tramp of his clanging foot,
  Nor the watch-dog baying near—
Only the sound of a low-toned lute
  Stole to her dreaming ear.

The moon rode up as the night wore on,
  Looking down with a blinding glare
Into that chamber still and lone,
Touching the rough-hewn cross of stone
  And the prayer-beads glittering there—
The loosened waves of the sleeper's hair,
And the curve of her shoulder, white and bare!

She dreamed! she dreamed! that dreary keep
  Melted away in the calm moonbeams ;
The deep bell's call and the waves' hoarse sweep
Changed for the lull of a forest deep,
  And the pleasant voice of streams.
She seemed to sit by a mossy stone,
To watch the blood-red sun go down

And hang on the verge of the horizon
  Like a ruby set in a golden ring;
  To hear the wild birds sing
Up in the larch-boughs, loud and sweet,
Over a surf where the soft waves beat
With a sound like a naiad's dancing feet.
For here and there on its winding way
  Down by dingle and shady nook,
Under the white thorn's dropping spray
  Glittered the thread of a slender brook;
And scarce a roebuck's leap beyond,
Close at the brink of its grassy bound,
She heard her lover's chiding hound,
  His bugle's merry play.
Oh! it was sweet again to be
  Under the free blue skies!
She turned on her pillow restlessly,
  And the tears to her sleeping eyes
Came welling up as the full drops start
With Spring's first smile from a fountain's heart.

Up rose the maid in her dreamy rest,
  And flung a robe o'er her shoulders bare,
  And gathered the threads of her floating hair,
  Ere with a foot on the turret stair
She paused, then onward pressed,
As the tones of a soft lute broke again
Through the deeper chords of the voiceful main.
Steep and rude was the perilous way;
  Through loopholes square and small
The night looked into the turret gray,
  And over the massive wall

In blocks of light the moonbeams lay ;
But the changeful ghosts of the showering spray
And the mirrored play of the waters dim
Rippled and glanced on the ceiling grim.

The moon looked into her sleeping eyes,
The night wind stirred her hair,
And wandering blindly, Juliette,
Close on the verge of the parapet,
Stood without in the open air.
Under the blue arch of the skies,
Save for the pacing sentinel,
Save for the ocean's constant swell,
There seemed astir no earthly thing.
Below, the great waves rose and fell,
Scaling ever their craggy bound,
But scarce a zephyr's dipping wing
Broke the silver crust of the sea beyond :
And in her lifelike dream
The maiden now had wandered on
To the brink of the slender stream ;
Then pausing, stayed her eager foot,
For with the brook's sweet monotone
Mingled the soft voice of a lute ;
And, where the levelled moonbeams played
Over the lap of a turfy glade,
A hound lay sleeping in the shade.

Rocked by the light waves to and fro,
Scarcely an arrow's flight from shore,

Her lover in his bark below
Paused, resting on the oar,
Watching the foam-wreaths bead and fall
Like shattered stars from the castle wall.
And higher yet he raised his eyes—
Jesu! he started with affright!
For painted on the dusky skies
Seemed hovering in the tremulous light
A figure small and angel white!
Against the last lay far and dim,
Touched by the moon's uncertain ray,
The airy form of the turret grim.
Doubtful he gazed a moment's space,
Then rowed towards the castle's base,
But checked his oar midway,
And gazing up at the parapet,
Shouted the one word "Juliette!"

Lute, baying hound, and restless deep,
Each gave the clue bewildered Thought
Had followed through the maze of sleep,
And by her lulled ear faintly caught
Her lover's voice its echo wrought.
She heard him call, she saw him stand,
With smiling lip and beckoning hand;
And closer pressed, and dreaming yet,
From the green border of the stream—
From the o'erhanging parapet
Sprang forward with a scream!
Then once again the deep bell tolled
Up in the turret gray and old,

And, mingled with its lingering knell,
The echoed cry, half won, half lost,
Startled the weary sentinel,
Now slumbering at his post:
Yet, wakened from his dreamful rest,
He deemed the sound some wandering ghost
Haunting the caves of Sleep,
For like a bird upon its nest
The hushed air brooded o'er the deep;
And to his drowsy ear there crept
Only the voice of the choral waves—
Only the drip of the spray that wept,
And the ripples that sang through the weedy caves.
Nor marked he, ere again he slept,
The muffled stroke of a hasty oar,
A steed's quick tramp along the shore.
When morning came, a shallop's keel
Grated the edge of the pebbly strand—
A maid's small foot and a knight's armed heel
Lay traced upon the sand!

STORM AT TWILIGHT.

The roar of a chafed lion, in his lair
Begirt by levelled spears. A sudden flash,
Intense, yet wavering, like a beast's fierce eye
Searching the darkness. The wild bay of winds

Sweeps the burnt plains of heaven, and from afar
Linked clouds are riding up like eager horsemen,
Javelin in hand. From the north wings of twilight
There falls unwonted shadow, and strange gloom
Cloisters the unwilling stars. The sky is roofed
With tempest, and the moon's scant rays fall through
Like light let dimly through the fissured rock
Vaulting a cavern. To the horizon
The green sea of the forest hath rolled back
Its levelled billows, and where mastlike trees
Sway to its bosom, here and there a vine,
Braced to some pine's bare shaft, clings—rocked aloft
Like a bold mariner. There is no bough
But lifteth its appealing arm to Heaven.
The scudding grass is shivering as it flies,
And herbs and flowers crouch to their mother earth
Like frightened children. 'Tis more terrible
When the hoar thunder speaks, and the fleet wind
Stops, like a steed that knows his rider's voice—
For oh! the rush that follows is the calm
Of a despairing heart; and as a maniac
Loses his grief in raving, the mad storm,
Weeping hot tears, awakens with a sob
From its blank desolation, and shrieks on!

SUMMER.

The early Spring hath gone; I see her stand
Afar off, on the hills—white clouds, like doves,
Yoked by the south wind to her opal car,
And at her feet a lion and a lamb
Couched side by side. Irresolute Spring hath gone!
And Summer comes, like Psyche, zephyr-borne
To her sweet land of pleasures.

She is here!
Amid the distant vales she tarried long;
But she hath come; oh, joy! for I have heard
Her many-chorded harp the livelong day
Sounding from plains and meadows, where of late
Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
The wild north wind, careering like a steed
Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
Into the forest, and its poisèd leaves
Are platformed for the zephyr's dancing feet.
Under its green pavilions she hath reared
Most beautiful things. The Spring's pale orphans lie
Sheltered upon her breast; the bird's loved song
At morn, outsoars his pinion, and when waves
Put on Night's silver harness, the still air
Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized
Earth with her joyful weeping; she hath blessed
All that do rest beneath the wing of Heaven,
And all that hail its smile. Her ministry

Is typical of love; she hath disdained
No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
The grape's light tendrils, and to pluck apart
The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
Unmindful the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
The trodden weed, and when her lowlier children
Faint by the wayside, like worn passengers,
She is a gentle mother; all night long
Bathing their pale brows with her healing dews;
The hours are spendthrifts of her wealth; the days
Are dowered with her beauty.

Priestess! queen!
Amid the ruined temples of the wood

She hath rebuilt her altars, and called back
The scattered choristers, and over aisles
Where the slant sunshine, like a curious stranger,
Glided through arches and bare choirs, hath spread
A roof magnificent. She hath awaked
Her oracle, that, dumb and paralyzed,
Slept with the torpid serpents of the lightning.
Bidding his dread voice—Nature's mightiest—
Speak mystically of all hidden things
To the attentive spirit. There is laid
No knife upon her sacrificial altar;
And from her lips there comes no pealing triumph.
But to those crystal halls, where silence sits
Enchanted, hath arisen a mingled strain
Of music, delicate as the breath of buds;
And on her shrines the virgin hours lay
Odors and exquisite dyes, like gifts that kings
Send from the spicy gardens of the East!

ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

I am thinking of the homestead,
With its low and sloping roof,
And the maple boughs that shadowed it
With a green and leafy woof;

I am thinking of the lilac-trees,
That shook their purple plumes,
And, when the sash was open,
Shed fragrance through the rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet
With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old gray rock that shadowed it,
And the peppermint below.
I am not sad nor sorrowful,
But memories will come;
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birthplace
A thicket or a flower,
But childish game or friendly face
Has given it a power
To haunt me in my after-life,
And be with me again—
A sweet and pleasant memory
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple tree,
That stood beneath the hill,
My heart can never turn to it
But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh, what a dreamy life I led
Beneath its old green shade,
Where the daisies and the butter-cups
A pleasant carpet made!

'Twas a rough old tree in spring-time
When, with a blustering sound,
The wind came hoarsely sweeping
Along the frosty ground.
But when there rose a rivalry
'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,
Till the sunshine and the raindrops
Came laughing down together;

That patriarch old apple tree
Enjoyed the lovely strife;
The sap sprang lightly through its veins,
And circled into life:
A cloud of pale and tender buds
Burst o'er each rugged bough;
And amid the starting verdure
The robins made their vow.

That tree was very beautiful
When all its leaves were green,
And rosy buds lay opening
Amid their tender sheen:
When the bright translucent dewdrops
Shed blossoms as they fell,
And melted in their fragrance
Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the summer-time,
When cheerful sunlight wove
Amid its thrifty leafiness
A warm and glowing love;

When swelling fruit blushed ruddily
To Summer's balmy breath,
And the laden boughs drooped heavily
To the greensward underneath.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,
When all the purple west
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds
That never seemed at rest;
When a cool and lulling melody
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft, warm drops came pattering
Upon the restless leaves.

But oh, the scene was glorious
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there above my valley home
Came out the bow of heaven—
And in its fitful brilliancy
Hung quivering on high,
Like a jewelled arch of paradise
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath
My constant visits made,
Between the dear old homestead
And that leafy apple shade;
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a tinkling sound,
Like the revels of a fairy band,
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at eventide
And dreamily would lie
And watch the crimson twilight
Come stealing o'er the sky;
'Twas sweet to see its dying gold
Wake up the dusky leaves—
To hear the swallows twittering
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened to the music—
A low, sweet minstrelsy,
Breathed by a lonely night-bird
That haunted that old tree—
Till my heart has swelled with feelings
For which it had no name—
A yearning love of poesy,
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage
With dim and tearful eyes,
And with a holy reverence
Dwelt on the changing skies,
Till the burning stars were peopled
With forms of spirit birth,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings
Reverberate on earth.

ALICE CAREY.

PALESTINE.

Bright inspiration: shadowing my heart,
Like a sweet dream of beauty—could I see
Tabor and Carmel ere I hence depart,
And tread the quiet vales of Galilee,

And look from Hermon, with its dew and flowers,
Upon the broken walls and mossy towers,
O'er which the Son of Man in sadness wept,—
The loveliest promise of my life were kept.

Alas, the beautiful cities, crowned with flowers,
And robed with royalty! no more in thee,
Fretted with golden pinnacles and towers,
They sit in haughty beauty by the sea!
Shadows of rocks, precipitate and dark,
Rest still and heavy where they found a grave;
There glides no more the humble fisher's bark,
And the wild heron drinks not of the wave.

But still the silvery willows fringe the rills,
Judea's shepherd watches still his fold,
And round about Jerusalem, the hills
Stand in their solemn grandeur as of old.
And Sharon's roses still as sweetly bloom,
As when the Apostles, in the days gone by,
Rolled back the shadows from the dreary tomb,
And brought to light, Life's Immortality.

The East has lain down many a beauteous bride,
In the dim silence of the sepulchre,
Where names are shrined in story, but beside
There lives no sign to tell they ever were;
The imperial fortresses of old renown—
Rome, Carthage, Thebes—alas, where are they now!
In the dim distance lost and crumbled down,
The glory that was of them, from her brow,

Took of the wreath in centuries gone by,
And walked the path of shadows silently.

But, Palestine, what hopes are born of thee!
I cannot paint their beauty, hopes that rise,
Linking this perishing mortality
To the bright, deathless glories of the skies!
There the sweet Babe of Bethlehem was born,
Love's mission finished there in Calvary's gloom;
There blazed the glories of the rising morn,
And Death lay gasping there at Jesus' tomb!

HARVEST TIME.

God's blessing on the reapers! all day long
A quiet sense of peace my spirit fills,
As whistled fragments of untutored song
Blend with the rush of sickles on the hills:
And the blue wild-flowers and green brier-leaves
Are brightly tangled with the yellow sheaves.

Where straight and even the new furrows lie,
The cornstalks in their rising beauty stand;
Heaven's loving smile upon man's industry
Makes beautiful with plenty the wide land.
The barns, pressed out with the sweet hay, I see,
And feel how more than good God is to me!

In the cool thicket the red-robin sings,
And merrily before the mower's scythe
Chirps the green grasshopper, while slowly swings,
In the scarce swaying air, the willow lithe;
And clouds sail softly through the upper calms,
White as the fleeces of the unshorn lambs.

Outstretched beneath the venerable trees,
Conning his long hard task, the schoolboy lies,
And, like a fickle wooer, the light breeze
Kisses his brow; then, scarcely sighing, flies;
And all about him pinks and lilies stand,
Painting with beauty the wide pasture-land.

O, there are moments when we half forget
The rough, harsh grating of the file of Time;
And I believe that angels come down yet
And walk with us, as in the Eden clime;
Binding the heart, away from woe and strife,
With leaves of healing from the Tree of Life.

And they are most unworthy, who behold
The bountiful provisions of God's care,
When reapers sing among the harvest gold,
And the mown meadow scents the quiet air;
And yet, who never say, with all the heart,
How good, my Father, O how good thou art!

OLD STORIES.

No beautiful star will twinkle
To-night through my window-pane,
As I list to the mournful falling
Of the leaves and the autumn rain.

High up in his leafy covert
The squirrel a shelter hath;
And the tall grass hides the rabbit,
Asleep in the churchyard path.

On the hills is a voice of wailing
For the pale dead flowers again,
That sounds like the heavy trailing
Of robes in a funeral train.

Oh, if there were one who loved me—
A kindly and gray-haired sire,
To sit and rehearse old stories
To-night by my cabin fire:

The winds as they would might rattle
The boughs of the ancient trees—
In the tale of a stirring battle
My heart would forget all these.

Or if by the embers dying
We talked of the past, the while,
I should see bright spirits flying
From the Pyramids and the Nile.

Echoes from harps long silent
Would troop through the aisles of time,
And rest on the soul like sunshine,
If we talked of the bards sublime.

But hark! did a phantom call me,
Or was it the wind went by?
Wild are my thoughts and restless,
But they have no power to fly.

In place of the cricket humming,
And the moth by the candle's light,
I hear but the deathwatch drumming,
I've heard it the livelong night.

Oh for a friend who loved me—
Oh for a gray-haired sire,
To sit with a quaint old story,
To-night by my cabin fire.

PHŒBE CAREY.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

What were thy teachings? thou who hadst not where
In all this weary earth to lay thy head;
Thou who wert made the sins of men to bear,
And break with publicans thy daily bread!
Turning from Nazareth, the despised, aside,
And dwelling in the cities by the sea,
What were thy words, to those who sat and dried
Their nets upon the rocks of Galilee?

Didst thou not teach thy followers here below,
Patience, long-suffering, charity, and love;
To be forgiving, and to anger slow,
And perfect, like our blessed God above?
And who were they, the called and chosen then,
Through all the world, teaching thy truth, to go?
Were they the rulers, and the chiefest men,
The teachers in the synagogue? Not so!
Makers of tents, and fishers by the sea,
These only left their all to follow thee.

And even of the twelve whom thou didst name
  Apostles of thy holy word to be,
One was a devil; and the one who came
  With loudest boasts of faith and constancy,
He was the first thy warning who forgot,
And said, with curses, that he knew thee not.
Yet were there some who in thy sorrows were
  To thee even as a brother and a friend,
And women, seeking out the sepulchre,
  Were true and faithful even to the end;
And some there were who kept the living faith
Through persecution even unto death.

But, Saviour, since that dark and awful day
  When the dread Temple's vail was rent in twain,
And while the noontide brightness fled away,
  The gaping earth gave up her dead again;
Tracing the many generations down,
  Who have professed to love thy holy ways,
Through the long centuries of the world's renown,
  And through the terrors of her darker days;
Where are thy followers, and what deeds of love
Their deep devotion to thy precepts prove?

Turn to the time when o'er the green hills came
  Peter, the hermit, from the cloister's gloom,
Telling his followers in the Saviour's name
  To arm and battle for the sacred tomb;
Not with the Christian armor, perfect faith,
  And love which purifies the soul from dross,

But holding in one hand the sword of death,
And in the other lifting up the cross,
He roused the sleeping nations up to feel
All the blind ardor of unholy zeal!

With the bright banner of the cross unfurled,
And chanting sacred hymns, they marched, and yet

They made a Pandemonium of the world,
More dark than that where fallen angels met:
The singing of their bugles could not drown
The bitter curses of the hunted down!
Richard, the lion-hearted, brave in war,
Tancred, and Godfrey, of the fearless band,
Though earthly fame had spread their names afar,
What were they but the scourges of the land?
And worse than these, were men whose touch would be
Pollution, vowed to lives of sanctity!

And in thy name did men in other days
Construct the Inquisition's gloomy cell,
And kindle persecution to a blaze,
Likest of all things to the fires of hell!
Ridley and Latimer, I hear their song
In calling up each martyr's glorious name,
And Cranmer, with the praises on his tongue
When his red hand dropped down amid the flame!
Merciful God! and have these things been done,
And in the name of thy most holy Son!

Turning from other lands grown old in crime,
To this, where Freedom's root is deeply set,
Surely no stain upon its fold sublime
Dims the escutcheon of our glory yet!

Hush! came there not a sound upon the air
Like captives moaning from their native shore—
Woman's deep wail of passionate despair
For home and kindred seen on earth no more!

Yes, standing on the market-place I see
Our weaker brethren coldly bought and sold,
To be in hopeless, dull captivity,
Driven forth to toil like cattle from the fold:
And hark! the lash, and the despairing cry
Of the strong man in perilous agony!

And near me I can hear the heavy sound
Of the dull hammer borne upon the air;
Is a new city rising from the ground?
What hath the artisan constructed there?
'Tis not a palace, nor an humble shed;
'Tis not a holy temple reared by hands—
No!—lifting up its dark and bloody head
Right in the face of Heaven, the scaffold stands!
And men, regardless of "Thou shalt not kill,"
That plainest lesson in the Book of Light,
Even from the very altars tell us still,
That, evil sanctioned by the law is right!
And preach, in tones of eloquence sublime,
To teach mankind that murder is not crime!

And is there nothing to redeem mankind?—
No heart that keeps the love of God within?
Is the whole world degraded, weak, and blind,
And darkened by the leprous scales of sin?
No, we will hope that some, in meekness sweet,
Still sit, with trusting Mary, at thy feet.

For there are men of God, who faithful stand
On the far ramparts of our Zion's wall,

Planting the cross of Jesus in some land
That never listened to salvation's call.
And there are some, led by philanthropy,
Men of the feeling heart and daring mind,
Who fain would set the hopeless nations free,
And raise the weak and fallen of mankind.
And there are many in life's humblest way,
Who tread like angels on a path of light,
Who warn the sinful when they go astray,
And point the erring to the way of right;
And the meek beauty of such lives will teach
More than the eloquence of man can preach.

And, blessed Saviour! by thy life of trial,
And by thy death, to free the world from sin,
And by the hope, that man, though weak and vile,
Hath something of divinity within;
Still will we trust, though sin and crime be met,
To see thy holy precepts triumph yet!

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

Oh, beautiful as morning in those hours,
When, as her pathway lies along the hills,
Her golden fingers wake the dewy flowers,
And softly touch the waters of the rills,
Was she who walked more faintly day by day,
Till silently she perished by the way.

It was not hers to know that perfect heaven
Of passionate love returned by love as deep;
Not hers to sing the cradle-song at even,
Watching the beauty of her babe asleep;
"Mother and brethren"—these she had not known,
Save such as do the Father's will alone.

Yet found she something still for which to live—
Hearths desolate, where angel-like she came,
And "little ones" to whom her hand could give
A cup of water in her Master's name;
And breaking hearts to bind away from death,
With the soft hand of pitying love and faith.

She never won the voice of popular praise,
But, counting earthly triumph as but dross,
Seeking to keep her Saviour's perfect ways,
Bearing in the still path his blessed cross,
She made her life, while with us here she trod,
A consecration to the will of God!

And she hath lived and labored not in vain:
Through the deep prison cells her accents thrill,
And the sad slave leans idly on his chain,
And hears the music of her singing still;
While little children, with their innocent praise,
Keep freshly in men's hearts her Christian ways.

And what a beautiful lesson she made known—
The whiteness of her soul sin could not dim;

Ready to lay down on God's altar stone
The dearest treasure of her life for him.
Her flame of sacrifice never, never waned;
How could she live and die so self-sustained?

For friends supported not her parting soul,
And whispered words of comfort, kind and sweet,
When treading onward to that final goal,
Where the still bridegroom waited for her feet;
Alone she walked, yet with a fearless tread,
Down to Death's chamber, and his bridal bed!

SONG OF THE HEART.

They may tell forever of worlds of bloom,
Beyond the skies and beyond the tomb—
Of the sweet repose and the rapture there,
That are not found in a world of care;
But not to me can the present seem
Like a foolish tale or an idle dream.

Oh, I know that the bowers of heaven are fair,
And I know that the waters of life are there;
But I do not long for their happy flow,
While there burst such fountains of bliss below
And I would not leave, for the rest above,
The faithful bosom of trusting love!

There are angels here: they are seen the while,
In each love-lit brow and each gentle smile;
There are seraph voices that meet the ear,
In the kindly tone and the word of cheer;
And light, such light as they have above,
Beams on us here from the eyes of love!

Yet, when it cometh my time to die,
I would turn from this bright world willingly;
Though, even then, would the thoughts of this
Tinge every dream of that land of bliss:
And I fain would lean on the loved for aid,
Nor walk alone through the vale and shade.

And if 'tis mine, till life's changes end,
To guard the heart of one faithful friend,
Whatever the trials of earth may be,
On the peaceful shore or the restless sea—
In a palace home or the wilderness—
There is heaven for me in a world like this.

SARAH ANNA LEWIS.

GREECE.

Shrine of the Gods! mine own eternal Greece!
When shall thy weeds be doffed, thy mourning cease,
The gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And thou be living, breathing Greece again?

Grave of the mighty—hero, poet, sage—
Whose deeds are guiding stars to every age!
Land unsurpassed in glory and despair,
Still in thy desolation thou art fair.
Low in sepulchral dust lies Pallas' shrine—
Low in sepulchral dust thy fanes divine,
And all thy visible self—yet, o'er thy clay,
Soul, beauty, linger, hallowing decay.
Not all the ills that war entailed on thee,
Not all the blood that stained Thermopylæ,
Not all the desolation traitors wrought,
Not all the woe and want invaders brought,
Not all the tears that slavery could wring
From out thy heart of patient suffering,
Not all that drapes thy loveliness in night,
Can quench thy spirit's never-dying light;
But hovering o'er the dust of gods enshrined,
It beams a beacon to the march of mind—
An oasis to sage and bard forlorn—
A guiding light to centuries unborn.

For thee I mourn; thy blood is in my veins:
To thee by consanguinity's strong chains
I'm bound, and fain would die to make thee free;
But oh, there is no liberty for thee!
Not all the wisdom of thy greatest one—
Not all the bravery of Thetis' son—
Not all the weight of mighty Phœbus' ire—
Not all the magic of the Athenian's lyre,
Can ever bid thy tears or mourning cease,
Or rend one gyve that binds thee, lovely Greece!

MARGARET JUNKIN.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

Earth is the home of sorrow! life,
  Though joyful it appears,
Is given, continued, and sustained,
  And borne away in tears.
The sentient throngs of earth and air
  Join Nature's voice to keep
Existence festive,—man alone
  Is privileged to weep.

Sweet as the "music of the spheres"
  Creation's hymn should be,
Yet evermore the human voice
  Is wailing mournfully;
And 'mid the still majestic strain
  Of praise and pæan high,
Are mingled death's despairing shriek,
  And hopeless misery's cry.

The earliest beams of every morn
  Fall on some mourner's head,
And flit in mockery across
  The dying and the dead;

The light of every parting sun
  Finds sorrowful repose
On new-made graves, whose turf was still
  Unbroken when he rose.

The trembling stars look nightly down
  On brows that, 'mid the glare
Of day, when all were smiling round,
  Seemed glad as any there:
But in the darkened solitude
  The mask aside is thrown,
And the crushed spirit spreads its woe
  Before its God alone.

And yet it *is* not ceaseless wail
  That earthly voices raise;
For some have learned the symphony,
  And joined the song of praise.
Ah, tear-dimmed eyes must long have closed
  Had not a hand of love
Upheld the faltering step, and turned
  The wandering gaze above!

Then with divinely lighted eye,
  They read their sufferings o'er,
And find a meaning in their grief
  They failed to find before:
A beauty touches all the past,
  And from the future fled
Is every fear,—and stars of hope
  Are shining overhead.

Who then can call this glorious world,
With such a radiance, dim
And desolate, since on its sky
Is stamped the seal of Him,
Who, in His rich magnificence,
Has lavished all abroad
A splendor that could only spring
Beneath the hand of God!

No, Earth has something more than gloom,
And pain, and sickening fear,
For holy Peace has often come,
And made its dwelling here;
Nor ever will it quite depart,
Until our closing eyes
Are turned from Earth, to find in Heaven
A fadeless Paradise!

ALICE B. NEAL.

GONDOLETTAS.

Far out in the moonlight how softly we glide!
Scarce knowing, scarce heeding the lapse of the tide.
I watch the light shadows steal over thy face,
And pillow thy head in a last, long embrace.

Thy heart keeps low music still beating to mine,
Thy white arms around me I slowly entwine—
I part the wild tresses that shroud thy pale cheek,
I kiss thee—I clasp thee—no word dare I speak.

Alas! that the starlight should fade from the sky!
Alas for the parting that draweth so nigh!
Glide slowly—ye ripples—flow softly, oh tide!
For the silence of *death* must the living divide.

TOO LATE!

Oh, weary thought! Oh, heart cast down and lone!
Oh, hapless spirit! burdened with a grief
That giveth utterance to the mournful tone
Of this low murmur, words so full—so brief—
"Outlived all love."

Did God deny thee gifts by which to win
Affection from the crowd that round thee throng?
Or didst thou lose by folly—or by sin
The hope that else had made thy soul most strong
Of gaining love?

When first thy mother clasped thee in her arms,
And bade thy father watch thine infant glee—

Why did her soul thrill with such wild alarms
And bounding hopes? Was it not all for thee?
Did not she love?

Childhood mourns not for friends. It passed away,
Then *on thyself* depended future joy.
Retrace thy footsteps, did those friends betray
The trust bestowed by thee—a fair-browed boy,
Living in love?

Nay—one by one they turned—thy heart was proud,
Thy mood suspicious, and they could not brook
The coldness and reserve, that as a cloud
Veiled all thy movements, chilling every look
That asked for love.

Thy manhood's prime was glorious—it is past;
Ambition's thirst is slaked—a dreary void
Taketh the place of schemes that once so fast
Hurried thee onward, life and thought employed,
Shutting out love.

Too late—too late! Thou canst not win them back—
The friends of youth, the love of riper years.
Alone, pass onward in the narrow track
Which thou hast chosen—learn with bitter tears,
That man needs love.

'Tis God's best gift—be wise and scorn it not,
Thou who art strong in pride of hope and life.
The brightest gleam that gilds our darkened lot,
Lighting us onward through its fearful strife,
Oh, priceless love!

And if thy soul is steeled against mankind,
Pause—e'er thy hearth grows cold and desolate,
Cheer those who droop—the wounded spirit bind—
Win hearts, and it shall never be thy fate
To outlive love.

SARA J. LIPPINCOTT.

TO MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

O GLORY-WEDDED! to thy brow
A coronal is given,
For which, when song and Greece were young,
The very gods had striven.

O find'st thou not that envied crown
A weary weight and chilling?
Its lonely glory, is it not,
An ice-touch, heart-ward thrilling?

Ah, no! e'en now a rosy light
Those vernal leaves is flushing;
O, woman-hearted, love's warm buds
Are 'mid thy laurels blushing.

THE MAY MORNING.

The morning brightness showereth down from heaven;
The morning freshness goeth up from earth;
The morning gladness shineth everywhere!
Soon as the sun, in glorious panoply,
Parting the crimson curtains of his tent,
Begins the day's proud march, the voice of song
And flush of beauty live along his way!
The maiden flowers, whom all the dreamy night
The starlight vainly wooed, with wan, cold smile,
Blush as his presence breathes upon their bloom,
And feel his kiss through all their glowing veins,
And shake the night-dew from their joyous heads,
And pour thick perfumes on the golden air.

The trees bow at his coming, and look brave
In all the richness of their new attire;
The Aspen's shining leaves give back his smile,
Dancing in glee, yet whispering in awe,
Like bashful maidens at some gorgeous fête,
Graced by a monarch's presence; aged Oaks
Grow young again at their stout, loyal hearts;
The stately brotherhood of mountain Pines
Give forth a solemn greeting, like a band
Of stern old monks, in sombre vestments clad.
Like Ganymedè, the Magnolia stands,
Graceful and fair; his silver chalice lifts,
Brimmed with night's nectar, to the thirsty god.
The garden Lilac, rich in purple bloom,
Scatters her royal largess far and wide;
And the warm bosom of the opening Rose
Pants out its odorous sighs to the "sweet south,"
That soft-plumed, low-voiced rover from afar,
Whose wings are heavy with the perfume stolen
From the cleft hearts of his forsaken loves.
The Mignonette breathes tenderly and deep,
The pure home-fragrance of an humble heart;
And even the tiny Violet can make
Her little circle sweet as love; the Vine,
Swaying in mid-air to the frolic wind,
Rains scented blossoms on the clover tufts,
And cheerful daisies, lighting up the grass.
The Robin and the Oriole awake
With the first sunshine glancing on their wings,
To thrill the young leaves quivering round their nests
With glad, wild gushes of exulting song,—
To pour swift waves of clear, delicious sound,
Fresh and rejoicing, on the morning air.

The lake looks up to heaven, and smiles to see
Those vast, high courts with his own color hung;
The waves, with whispers and low laughter, steal
Along the shore, to meet the honeyed kiss
Of the pale lilies, drooping faint with love.
Like some young mountain shepherd, whose fair maid,
Far down the vale, upon a gala morn,
Awaits his coming, the impetuous stream
Leaps down the hillside, singing as it goes.

Yet, O fair sky! O green and flowery earth!
Your morning gladness in this bright May-time,
With visible glow and music's utterance,
Is all imperfect, faint, and dim, beside

The viewless, voiceless, unimagined joy
That maketh bloom and sunshine in my heart,
That fills my soul with hopes more bright than flowers,
And thoughts far sweeter than the voice of birds!

The Arctic winter which closed round me long,
And hung all heaven with tempests, hath gone by;
The fear, the sorrow, and the wild despair
Which made a darkness deeper than the night,
And storm that mocked the loud and maddened strife
Of the roused elements,—all, all gone by!
A sky of love is bending o'er me now,
And airs serene are breathing round my paths:
The rich midsummer of my life is here!

O Thou, whose hand rolled back the clouds of fear,
Whose voice spake "peace" to sorrow's whelming deeps,
And in mid-heaven stayed the shadowy wing
Of death's swift angel,—what meet offering
Hath my glad soul to lay upon thy shrine?
Prayers and rapt vigils? or song's votive wreaths,
Dewy with grateful tears? a pilgrim's vows?
Saint-like observance of all sacred rites
And holy day? Not these, not these, my soul;
But the sweet offering of a loving heart,—
But the rich offering of a freeborn mind,—
But the long offering of an earnest life.

THE DREAM.

Last night, my love, I dreamed of thee—
Yet 'twas no dream Elysian;
Draw closer to my breast, dear Blanche,
The while I tell the vision.
Methought that I had left thee long,
And, home in haste returning—
My heart, lip, cheek, with love and joy
And wild impatience burning—

I called thee through the silent house;
But here, at last, I found thee,
Where, deathly still and ghostly white,
The curtains fell around thee.
Dead—dead thou wert!—cold lay that form,
In rarest beauty moulded
And meekly o'er thy still, white breast
The snowy hands were folded.

Methought thy couch was fitly strewn
With many a fragrant blossom;
Fresh violets thy fingers clasped,
And rosebuds decked thy bosom:
But thine eyes, so like young violets,
Might smile upon me never,
And the rose-bloom from thy cheek and lip
Had fled away forever!

I raised thee lovingly—thy head
  Against my bosom leaning,
And called thy name, and spoke to thee
  In words of tenderest meaning.
I sought to warm thee at my breast—
  My arms close round thee flinging;
To breathe my life into thy lips,
  With kisses fond and clinging.

Oh, hour of fearful agony!
  In vain my frenzied pleading;
Thy dear voice hushed, thy kind eye closed,
  My lonely grief unheeding!
Pale wert thou as the lily-buds
  Twined mid thy raven tresses,
And cold thy lip and still thy heart
  To all my wild caresses!

I woke, amid the autumn night,
  To hear the rain descending,
And roar of waves and howl of winds
  In stormy concert blending.
But, oh! my waking joy was morn,
  From heaven's own portals flowing,
And the summer of thy living love
  Was round about me glowing!

I woke—ah, blessedness! to feel
  Thy white arms round me wreathing—
To hear, amid the lonely night,
  Thy calm and gentle breathing!

I bent above thy rest till morn,
With many a whispered blessing—
Soft, timid kisses on thy lips
And blue-veined eyelids pressing.

While thus from Slumber's shadowy realm
Thy truant soul recalling,
Thou couldst not know whence sprang the tears
Upon thy forehead falling.
And oh, thine eyes' sweet wonderment,
When thou didst ope them slowly,
To mark mine own bent on thy face
In rapture deep and holy!
Thou couldst not know, till I had told
That dream of fearful warning,
How much of heaven was in my words—
"God bless thee, love—good-morning!"

ILLUMINATION,

FOR THE TRIUMPH OF OUR ARMS IN MEXICO.

Light up thy homes, Columbia,
For those chivalric men
Who bear to scenes of warlike strife
Thy conquering arms again;

Where glorious victories, flash on flash,
Reveal their stormy way—
Resaca's, Palo Alto's fields,
The heights of Monterey!

They pile with thousands of thy foes
Buena Vista's plain;
With maids, and wives, at Vera Cruz,
Swell high the list of slain;
They paint upon the southern skies
The blaze of burning domes—
Their laurels dew with blood of babes:
Light up, light up thy homes!

Light up your homes, oh fathers!
For those young hero bands
Whose march is still through vanquished towns
And over conquered lands;
Whose valor wild, impetuous,
In all its fiery glow
Pours onward like a lava-tide,
And sweeps away the foe!

For those whose dead brows Glory crowns,
On crimson couches sleeping;
And for home faces wan with grief,
And fond eyes dim with weeping:
And for the soldier, poor, unknown,
Who battled madly brave,

Beneath a stranger-soil to share
A shallow, crowded grave.

Light up thy home, young mother!
Then gaze in pride and joy
Upon those fair and gentle girls,
That eagle-eyed young boy;
And clasp thy darling little one
Yet closer to thy breast,
And be thy kisses on its lips
In yearning love impressed.

In yon beleaguered city
Were homes as sweet as thine;
There trembling mothers felt loved arms
In *fear* around them twine;
The lad with brow of olive hue,
The babe like lily fair,
The maiden with her midnight eyes
And wealth of raven hair.

The booming shot, the murderous shell,
Crashed through the crumbling walls,
And filled with agony and death
Those sacred household halls;
Then, bleeding, crushed, and blackened, lay
The sister by the brother,
And the torn infant gasped and writhed
On the bosom of the mother!

Oh, sisters, if you have no tears
For fearful scenes like these;
If the banners of the victors veil
The victims' agonies;
If ye lose the babe's and mother's cry
In the noisy roll of drums;
If your hearts with martial pride throb high—
Light up, light up your homes!

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

LOVE.

Thou conqueror's conqueror, mighty Love! to thee
  Their crowns, their laurels, kings and heroes yield!
Lo! at thy shrine great Antony bows the knee,
  Disdains his victor wreath, and flies the field!
From woman's lips Alcides lists thy tone,
  And grasps the inglorious distaff for his sword!
An Eastern sceptre at thy feet is thrown,
  A nation's worshipped idol owns thee lord!
And well fair Noorjehan his throne became,
When erst she ruled his empire in thy name!

The sorcerer, Jarchas, could to age restore
  Youth's faded bloom, or childhood's vanished glee;
Magician, Love! canst thou not yet do more?
  Is not the faithful *heart* kept *young* by thee!
But ne'er that traitor bosom formed to stray,
  Those perjured lips which twice thy vows have breathed,
Can know the raptures of thy magic sway,
  Or find the balsam in thy garland wreathed;
Fancy, or Folly, may his breast have moved,
But he who wanders, never truly *loved*.

MY LIFE.

My life is a fairy's gay dream,
And thou art the genii, whose wand
Tints all things around with the beam,
The bloom of Titania's bright land.

A wish to my lips never sprung,
A hope in mine eyes never shone,
But, ere it was breathed by my tongue,
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys, they have ever been mine,
Thy sorrows, too often thine own;
The sun that on me still would shine,
O'er thee threw its shadows alone.

Life's garland then let us divide,
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear,
For one—but I know thou wilt chide—
Ah! leave me its thorns, love, to bear!

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done! O heavenly King,
I bow my head to thy decree;
Albeit my soul not yet may wing
Its upward flight, great God, to thee!

Though I must still on earth abide,
To toil, and groan, and suffer here,
To seek for peace on sorrow's tide,
And meet the world's unfeeling jeer.

When heaven seemed dawning on my view
And I rejoiced my race was run,
Thy righteous hand the bliss withdrew;
And still I say, "Thy will be done!"

And though the world can never more
A world of sunshine be to me,
Though all my fairy dreams are o'er,
And Care pursues where'er I flee;

Though friends I loved—the dearest—best,
Were scattered by the storm away,
And scarce a hand I warmly pressed
As fondly presses mine to-day:

Yet must I live—must live for those
  Who mourn the shadow on my brow,
Who feel my hand can soothe their woes,
  Whose faithful hearts I gladden now.

Yes, I will live—live to fulfil
  The noble mission scarce begun,
And pressed with grief to murmur still,
  All Wise! All Just! "Thy will be done!"

ELIZABETH S. SWIFT.

FIRST OF MAY.

THERE is music on the breeze
  From a thousand tiny throats,
And amid the blossomed trees
  The wild birds pour their notes;
The rivers flow along,
With a murmur like a song;
    But alas! I am sad! I am sad!

'Tis the sunny First of May—
  She is tripping on the earth,
To the wild bird's joyous lay;
  Fresh flowerets hail her birth,
And with fragrant kisses greet
The coming of her feet;
    But alas! I am sad! I am sad!

For the birds and perfumed flowers,
  And the waters glancing bright,
But remind me of those hours
  Of exquisite delight;
That lang syne First of May,
With its glorious array,
    When ah! I was glad! I was glad!

The friends my spirit loved,
Were wandering by my side ;
Whilst through the woods we roved,
Or watched the waters glide
In white and glittering foam,
To their far-off ocean home ;
And ah ! I was glad ! I was glad !

But Time hath all things changed,
Those blessings all have flown ;
The absent and estranged
Have left my heart alone ;
Then how can I be gay,
On this merry First of May?
Ah no ! I am sad ! I am sad !

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

Ye're welcome, ye white and feathery flakes,
That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes
From the bending spray—Oh! say, do ye come,
With tidings to me, from my far-distant home?

"Our home is above, in the depths of the sky—
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie—
We are fair, we are pure, *our* birth is divine—
Say, what can we know of thee, or of thine?"

I know that ye dwell in the kingdoms of air—
I know ye are heavenly, pure, and fair,
But oft have I seen ye, far travellers, roam,
By the cold blast driven, round my northern home.

"We roam over mountains and valley and sea:
We hang our pale wreaths on the leafless tree:
The herald of wisdom and mercy we go,
And perchance the far home of thy childhood we know.

"We roam, and our fairy track we leave,
While for Nature a winding-sheet we weave—
A cold, white shroud that shall mantle the gloom,
Till her Maker recalls her to glory and bloom."

Oh! foam of the shoreless ocean above!
I know thou descendest in mercy and love:
All chill as thou art, yet benign is thy birth,
As the dew that impearls the green bosom of Earth.

And I've thought, as I've seen thy tremulous spray,
Soft curling like mist, on the branches lay,
In bright relief on the dark blue sky,
That thou meltedst in grief when the sun came nigh.

"Say, whose is the harp whose echoing song
Breathes wild on the gale that wafts us along?
The moon, the flowers, the blossoming tree,
Wake the minstrel's lyre, they are brighter than we."

The flowers shed their fragrance, the moonbeams their light,
Over scenes never veiled by your drapery of white;
But the clime where I first saw your downy flakes fall,
My own native clime, is far dearer than all.

Oh! fair, when ye clothed in their wintry mail,
The elms that o'ershadow my home in the vale,
Like warriors they looked, as they bowed in the storm,
With the tossing plume, and the towering form.

Ye fade, ye melt—I feel the warm breath
Of the redolent South o'er the desolate heath—
But tell me, ye vanishing pearls, where ye dwell
When the dewdrops of summer bespangle the dell?

"We fade,—we melt into crystalline spheres—
We weep, for we pass through a valley of tears;
But onward to glory—away to the sky—
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie."

CLARA MOORE.

MORNING.

The morning breaks. Across the amber sky
Gray clouds are trooping slowly one by one,
Their edges crimsoned by the rising sun.
Mist wreaths upon the distant mountain lie,
And violet vapors through the valley glide—
Veiling the crystal stream that winds along,
Forever murmuring its low, gushing song,
To the sweet flowers and fern that droop beside.
My heart, to God, springs up in earnest prayer!
Most beautiful on such a morn doth seem
This earth!—most radiant! as the sun's first gleam
Flashes afar upon the woodland fair.
In "pleasant ways" my pilgrimage is cast—
God only grant these happy days may last!

NOON.

The glorious sun is midway in the sky,
But for the clouds it scarcely can be seen—
Their shadows fall athwart the meadows green,
And o'er the brown fields where the sheaves still lie.

Ah! now my heart is filled with boding dread,
And tears break slowly from my downcast eyes,
Like drops of rain from all unwilling skies,
When April's flowers bloom fair above the dead.
A whisper trembles through the noontide air!
The rustling of the pines the wind before
Mayhap—yet sounds a dirge like "nevermore,"
And back I gaze upon the past so fair,
Yet glean not courage for the coming night,
From whence I see no ray of guiding light.

NIGHT.

To-NIGHT a thick mist fills the valley wide,
And banks of clouds wall in the arching skies,
Hiding the starlight from my eager eyes.
Black loom the rocks upon the dark hillside,
And all is drear and lone, where late so gay
The reapers toiled amid the golden grain,
Leaving the ripened field with loaded wain,
To wait the dawning of another day.
Oh, gloomy night, thy shadow falls on me,
As in the shrouded future, I divine,
Still darker hours than ever yet were mine.
Then o'er my breast the waves of sorrow's sea
Shall beat more fiercely for the calm before.
Oh, Life! how wild the storms that sweep thy shore!

MARY.

Stainless lilies of the vale—
Fragile lilies, pure and pale,
  Slowly toll your crystal bells!
Hear ye not a mournful tale
In the zephyr's dying wail,
  As it lingers thro' the dells?

Wild-wood violets, meek and low,
White as any flake of snow,
  Closer bow your heads to earth!
Do you feel no pang—no throe?
Is there no sign by which ye know
  A mortal's heavenly birth?

Song-birds by that forest side,
Where the rippling waters glide,
  Breathe a slower, sadder strain!
For our hearts send up a plaint
Through our voices low and faint,
  But she answers not again.

Summer roses wet with dew—
Clouds that float o'er heaven's blue—
  All things pure, and frail, and fair,
Bring some offering to the grave
Where the dark pines nightly wave;
  For our loveliest sleepeth there.

JULIA McMASTERS.

REQUIEM.

Lowly, shining head,
    Where we lay thee down
With the lowly dead,
    Droop thy golden crown!

Meekly, marble palms,
    Fold across the breast,
Sculptured in white calms
    Of unbreaking rest!

Softly, starry eyes,
    Veil your darkened spheres,
Nevermore to rise
    In summershine or tears!

Calmly, crescent lips,
    Yield your dewy rose
To the wan eclipse
    Of this pale repose!

Slumber, aural shells!
    No more dying Even

Through your spiral cells
Weaveth gales of heaven.

Stilly, slender feet,
Rest from rosy rhyme,
With the ringing sweet
Of her silver chime!

Holy smile of God,
Spread thy glory mild
Underneath the sod
On this little child!

WREATH AND HARP.

I OPED the welcome missive,
And there fell upon the ground
A Wreath without a fragrance
And a Harp without a sound.

Mute emblems full of meaning,
What did ye teach to me?
What lesson did I gather
From your voiceless harmony?

Dreamed I of festal chambers,
Decked with fairy flowers and light,
And troops of dancing maidens
In their robes of lily white!

I dreamed of divers chambers,
But they were not large nor light,
Nor were the dwellers merry,
Though all arrayed in white.

Pale were their quiet faces,
Cold was the marble brow,
Ye might not find the traces
Of laughter on them now.

Thus memory brought them to me
In sad and solemn guise,
But soon the sadness altered
To a soft and glad surprise.

Faith drew aside the curtain
That veiled their souls from sight,
And lo! they walked in heaven,
Robed in celestial white.

Each head, divinely moulded,
Wore an amaranthine crown;
Their hair, in shivered splendor
Low to their feet fell down.

To golden harps they warbled
Round a "glorious high Throne,"
Discoursing wondrous music,
Such as angels love to own.

It was a lovely grouping,
It was a holy band;
There were little fair-haired children
With their mothers by the hand.

There were youths of lofty stature,
With angelic port and brow,
Looking less on sainted maidens
Than on the Saviour, now.

There were heads which once were hoary
In their pilgrimage below,
But now the crowns of glory
Shed gold upon the snow.

One face smiled often on me
As I watched it in the skies:
I thought it was my father,
But the tears stood in my eyes.

On starry plain and mountain
Walked the shining, happy throng,
And from each crystal fountain
Swept the sound of harp and song.

And Chief among ten thousand,
Fairer than all beside,
Broke on my soul the vision
Of Jesus glorified.

Thus I lost myself in musing,
With the token in my hand.
Thus came sweet revelations
Of the bright and better land.

O Harp! O Garland verdant!
By a sister were ye given;
But let our Christ invest me
With the harp and crown in heaven!

DEUS MISEREATUR.

When my Pleiad paled and vanished
Up the firmament afar,
Seemed it to my blinded gazing
Heaven contained no other star.
Seemed it that the tiny twinkle
Of my feeble Lesser Light,
Had no skill to sheen the darkness
Of the drooping, utter night.
I felt desolate in sorrow,
In my sorrow drear and wild;
To myself I seemed the only
Mother who had lost a child.

Saw I not the heaving Rama
Stretching round me everywhere;
Heard I not the grieving Rachels
Pour their wailing on the air,
Till a wilder *miserere*
With a sharper-thrilling wail
Stabbed the air with such an anguish
That a listening world grew pale.

Then I stripped away the sackcloth
And the ashes from my head,
Haply to discern this woe
Refusing to be comforted.

And behold! the ruthless Archer
Bent four times his fatal bow.
And with each unblenching arrow,
Was a "shining mark" laid low.

O the undreamt, awful power
Of the human heart for grief!
O the strength that bows to breaking,
Yet no breaking brings relief!

Proudly used that fond Cornelia
To array her treasured pearls;
Three she counted for her Gracchi
Flashing by five gentle girls.

Rang their mirth in grove and garden,
Flew their feet through bower and hall,
Their bright presence made the homestead
One long scene of festival.

When they walked the crowded city
They made sunshine everywhere,
From the palace, from the hovel,
Blessings followed them like air.
Some were small and some were stately,
Each was fair and all were good,
One—she seemed the guardian angel
Of the shining sisterhood.

Loved and lovely, glad and gracious,
Four unsullied, happy pairs,
Clothed upon with youth and beauty,
Walked they "angels unawares."

Even as saith the holy Scripture
Of the women in the field,—
Four were left, and four were taken,
With the mystic symbol sealed.

How they went, I may not utter,
What sharp way their footsteps trod,
How the fiery chariot bore them
Smiling martyrs back to God.

But I know what weight of anguish
Bowed that mother's heart and knee;
Needed *she* a "strengthening angel,"
In her grief's Gethsemane!

Well I know the *de profundis*
Of her smitten spirit's moan,
When she cast her crown of sorrow
Down before the veiled Throne.
Veiled in clouds, thick-robed in thunder,
Seemingly for judgment set;
Might she not discern the mercy
Throbbing past the curtain yet.
But it floated through the darkness
With sustaining, sweet control,

Till a mild, majestic patience
Shed its moonlight in her soul.

Now she walketh calm and saintly
On the heights by martyrs trod
When they see, through heaven opened,
Jesus by the throne of God.

O thou Love, white-crowned and queenly,
Rising regnant over Death!
Dawns for thee a bright Hereafter,
Where no sorrow shadoweth;—
Where the heavenly *jubilates*
Thrilling down with golden fall,
Shall o'ercome the vain *reuites*
Of thy vibrant human call.

27 Jan '86

PRINTED BY C. SHERMAN & SON,
Corner Seventh and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia

RD -1.1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

DOBBS BROS.
BRARY BINDING
UN 73
. AUGUSTINE
FLA.